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Week of March 8, 1942

Maid in America

by Henry Clive — Verses by Phyllis McGinley

Where white magnolia flowers
Fall lightly to the grass,
There walks through fragrant hours
A slim Confederate lass.

The honeysuckle's fetter
She puts, unheeding, by.
For in her hand's a letter,
And on her lips, a sigh.

And with her soul she's yearning
That sometime there may be
A fortunate returning
For one who rides with Lee.

Ah, difficult her part is.
So call her Rebel sirs,
But tell me where the heart is
That's loyaler than hers.

No. 7— The Southern Girl

Traders Sailing Past the Island Never Attempt to Land in the Little Kingdom That Has Been the Exclusive Property of Cats for 60 Years.

One Place Where Cats Rule The Roost

A TINY kingdom on a get-away-from-it-all island in the South Seas, within easy sailing distance of Tahiti, has been waiting for more than 60 years for someone to claim it. Complete with gently waving palms and white sandy beaches, it is uninhabited by human beings. The spot is absolutely idyllic in all but one respect. It has too many cats.

They are the meanest, most ornery, fightingest felines on earth. They can lick their weight in dogs or pig iron. They can dive like seals, swim like ducks—and gang up on any human being and give him "the works." They can raise so much cain that neither the French in nearby Tahiti, nor the British in the adjacent Society Islands are interested in claiming the spot. These neighbors still remember the experience of Andre Olan who brought the original cat settlers to the island more than 64 years ago —or they've heard all about it.

As far as is known, the Island of Fishing Cats was once inhabited by happy and contented natives who fished the waters and tilled the soil to supplement their diet of tropical fruits which nature bountifully provided. They had been living and thriving in this paradise for many generations until one day in 1862 calamity descended upon them in the form of two old trading schooners that were wrecked on the outer reef of the island. The crew swam safely ashore. So did hundreds of half starved rats that promptly bolted for the interior—and food.

Two weeks later a rescue vessel from Tahiti took the sailors aboard. The natives, after wishing them godspeed, went back to living their own lives, completely forgetting the rats but the rodents didn't forget them. They nibbled a bit at the crops, decided they liked the taste and began to stage day-long banquets with their friends and relatives.

From then on the natives began to fight a losing battle. The rats multiplied and multiplied again. Soon they became so aggressive that they even invaded the village huts and attacked the children while the natives were trying to protect their crops in the field.

Hundreds of rats were hunted down and killed but despite this their numbers continued to grow. They literally ate the natives out of house and home for in 1871, the human beings gave up the fight and abandoned the island to the rats.

Many of the natives thus dispossessed came to Tahiti to live and there Andre Olan, a young and adventurous French copra trader, heard their odd story. He didn't do anything about it then but played with the idea of claiming the little island for himself and thus becoming the king of a South Sea "empire."

In 1877 Olan sailed in a small schooner to take possession of the island. In the hold was a strange cargo even for the Southern Pacific where odd and freakish cargoes are no novelty. It consisted of more than 500 cats of every size and description which he had begged, borrowed or bought from as far away as Rarotonga. They all had one thing in common. Olan kept them in a state of near-starvation until he let them loose on the island.

He watched them charge ferociously upon the surprised rats, massacre every one within reach and send the rest off in frenzied retreat. Then he leisurely weighed anchor and set sail for the nearby islands to recruit laborers for the copra station he planned to establish on his newly acquired kingdom.

When he returned with his men some weeks later, the cats had the situation well in hand. There wasn't a rat to be seen in the clearing although there was plenty of evidence that the cats were hunting them in the bush. Satisfied that his scheme had proved a success, Andre Olan built himself a house and copra shed and settled down in his kingdom.

For a little while everything was ideal. Then the cats, finding the rats increasingly hard to get, began to loot the island's stores of meat and fish with impunity.

At first Olan was so grateful to them for having rid the island of rats that, instead of shooting them on sight, he assigned two of his men to catch fish for them. That was where he made his mistake. The felines found themselves in a cat heaven with nothing to do but bask in the sun and get their share of fish. Soon they began to multiply and even the daily catch of fish wasn't enough to feed them so they resumed their marauding.

By this time Olan was so tired of their depredations that he decided to rid his kingdom of all cats. But he had waited too long. The animals had become far too numerous for him and his men to cope with. He cut off their supply of fish but they learned to fish for themselves and developed into swimmers and divers.

Continuing to breed rapidly they acquired a contempt for the human beings on the island who carefully avoided them for fear of being torn to pieces. Finally they became so dangerous that Andre Olan and his men abandoned the island in 1881 and returned to Tahiti.

Since that time the little kingdom has been ruled entirely by cats. Now its feline inhabitants are visible to traders sailing between Tahiti and the Society Islands. During the 60 years since Olan left the island the cats have increased enormously and they offer a formidable obstacle to anyone who would claim this otherwise tropical paradise.

Can Brightouts Save Our Cities From Being Blitzed?

BRIGHTOUTS instead of blackouts—that is the revolutionary proposal of Lighting Expert Douglas Leigh, to save American cities from night air attacks.

Instead of just blacking out a city, Leigh suggests that we build what looks like the metropolis to be lit up like a Christmas tree with a false pattern of lights that will befuddle enemy raiders.

Under Leigh's plan, a copy of any metropolis would be created through trick lighting while the actual city would be so blacked out as to give the appearance, from the air, of a stretch of rural area.

Enemy airmen, winging their way overhead, according to Leigh, would drop their bombs on these false objectives and thus leave the city proper untouched in their attack.

If Leigh's idea was followed out in New York City, for instance, a brightly lighted copy of Broadway would be laid out somewhere in the New Jersey meadows, 10 or 15 miles from the Great White Way.

The real Times Square would be toned down by dimmers so that from the air it would look like any sleepy suburb. Confused pilots would theoretically unload their deadly eggs on the Jersey wastelands, believing they were hitting the heart of New York.

Leigh, who is one of the nation's leading illuminated sign experts, also believes that blinding lights could be used to upset the bombardier's calculations still more.

"To understand the theory of the 'brightout' it is only necessary to recall how the glare of a misdirected auto headlight can blind anyone in the path of its beam," Leigh explained.

"The brightout would do this to enemy flyers. At the same time it could lure them far away from their objectives, causing them to dump bombs on deserted farm lands, under the happy impression that they were actually pasting New York or Washington or some other goal."

Such a defense, Leigh believes, is peculiarly adapted to the United States because of this country's vast supply of electric power, and the fact that none of its large cities is far removed from wide open spaces.

Any camouflage is possible, according to Leigh, with the use of lights. The vast area of the United States is all a matter of props on a stage when seen by the light expert. The right lighting will conceal or emphasize its outlines.

Under Leigh's plan any spot may become a confusing maze of illumination, or be given an entirely different character. With the right illumination, for instance, Coney Island can appear as an isolated stretch of beach while the Mississippi might become just a cotton patch to the human eye.

The lights of these suggested false cities would only burn at the time of threatened raids. At the first report of an enemy bomber approaching a master lighting technician would throw a switch, and the imitation Broadway, or Capitol dome, or Boulder Dam, would blaze into being, while the real one would fade into the landscape.

Leigh's plan may be completely fantastic and too extravagant to have any actual military worth. The cost of obtaining the deception to fool the enemy might outbalance whatever might be saved through misdirected bombs.

Although Leigh's plan may not seem very practical at present, he is not the only expert who is tinkering with the idea of substituting brightouts for blackouts.

Many electrical engineers have voiced the theory that nets of lights stretched over any area, be it a few blocks or hundreds of miles, would make it impossible for enemy bombers to spot any objective below this glaring canopy.

These lights, beamed upward, would be installed on the sides of high buildings, roofs, bridges, in fields, along river banks, or wherever the canopy effect was desired.

They would vary in brilliance, according to the kind of reflectors used, and would be placed so that a graduated effect would create the illusion of a third dimension.

Not only would the glare of these thousands of lights prevent the pilots from locating vulnerable targets but the glow would also silhouette bombers against the dark sky and make them easier targets for anti-aircraft guns or fighter planes.

All that enemy bombers could do would be to drop their bombs on the light glare and wheel away, not knowing whether they had plunked their eggs on a vital objective—or the middle of a cranberry bog.

If these anti-blackout ideas are ever put to use, Leigh and the other experts suggest that a newly-invented light — known as the "midget sun"—be used.

The invention of Cornelis Bol of Stanford University, this "midget sun," which is no larger than a wooden match, is so bright that a man with ordinary eyesight — at a mile from the light —can read a newspaper by its radiance. This lamp is made of mercury vapor, and the heat is so intense that a water-cooled jacket has to be used to keep the light tube from bursting.

With such powerful lights, Leigh says, experts cannot only blind and bewilder pilots but can use the bright beams to create the illusion of other objects being there.

The trouble with ordinary blackouts is that enemy pilots have no trouble finding their objectives for they merely have to follow the moonlight reflected from rivers, lakes, and roof-tops or drop parachute flares to see by.

Leigh contends that a protecting canopy of lights, plus tricky camouflage, could change this whole situation and give cities a much-needed defense against night bombing.

Meanwhile, other scientists are experimenting with a "black light" technique for use in blackouts and one of the principal places of research in this field is the Westinghouse Lamp Laboratory in Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Black light has been known to science since 1895, but it never had undergone intensive research until blackouts become a reality. This kind of light is like that of a glow worm—and is so valuable because it throws no give-away beams. Any object that is treated with black light takes on a watermelon-pink color in the darkness.

When the regular city lights are snapped off in a blackout, and this black light takes over, it points the way to air raid shelters, locates air raid warden stations, or illuminates any desired area.

If the Scheme Worked, Enemy Bombers Would Miss Manhattan Island and Go After a False Broadway Set Up in the Nearby New Jersey Wasteland.

Whenever a Navajo Husband Hears Somebody Shout: "There's an Owl Over There," He Tries to Get Away From Meeting His Mother-in-Law Face to Face.

Why Navajos Run Away From Old Women

MANY stories told about mothers-in-law are more-or-less good natured myths which have been utilized by gagsters and humorists as material for jokes. But these stories are far from humorous to the Navajo Indians who still observe the age-old taboo in respect to mothers-in-law although in many other respects their thoughts are as modern as those of the white man.

According to tribal legend which became an unwritten Navajo law long before the first white man came to America, an Indian must take every precaution to avoid coming face to face with his mother-in-law. Otherwise he is liable to go blind.

This curious belief, as pointed out by the New Mexico State Tourist Bureau, may be traced back to the Indian legend of Creation. The Navajos believe that when the stars were placed in the sky, there was a group called the mother-in-law constellation which was especially difficult to arrange.

Everyone was intently watching the hanging of the stars and when the mother-in-law constellation caused some trouble in the process, according to one version of the legend, the young men of the tribe came through with the world's first mother-in-law joke by remarking that whether on earth or in heaven, their wives' mothers seemed to be a nuisance.

Because of this sacrilege, the gods cast a spell on the eyes of the young Navajos who suddenly found that their eyeballs had become fixed in their sockets. The gods informed them that this affliction came from looking at their mothers-in-law and when the young husbands promised never to do it again, the gods relented and restored their eyes to normal. The young bucks were so scared that to this day the Navajos regard the ban as one of their 12 major tribal taboos.

Among the present day Navajos who roam the world's largest reservation in Western New Mexico, this old tribal law becomes effective as soon as the young man's family arrives with gifts on the wedding day and it continues as long as the couple lives. If a Navajo marries more than once, he will have to avoid a corresponding number of mothers-in-law.

Relatives and friends are always ready and eager to warn the young husband whenever his wife's mother puts in an appearance. "There's an owl over there!" is the warning cry which tells a Navajo that his mother-in-law is in sight and even the most dignified Indian will walk backward, run like a frightened child or hide his head in a blanket to avoid the dreaded sight.

The mother-in-law may have a genuine affection for her daughter's husband and deeply regret the menacing role in which she has been cast by ancient tradition. Therefore she may thoughtfully arrange her daily routine to avoid meeting him. On the other hand a mother-in-law who dislikes her daughter's husband may cause him a lot of uneasiness by popping up at odd times or even coming to his hogan or home for a visit.

Naturally there are times when son-in-law and mother-in-law cannot avoid coming face-to-face even on the biggest reservation. When this happens, according to the more liberal, present-day interpretation of the tribal law, the curse may be nullified if both parties promptly take certain steps.

As soon as possible after accidently causing her son-in-law to see her, the mother-in-law comes to his hogan, bringing a sack of native tobacco and corn shucks. Very ceremoniously she rolls a cigarette, muttering certain spell-lifting words to herself. She then takes four slow puffs from it and hands it to her son-in-law who does the same. Thus the curse and the possible dire consequences to her daughter's husband is temporarily lifted—until the next time they happen to meet face to face.

This ritual is also employed immediately after the wedding ceremony in which the mother-in-law is present and after various tribal pow wows and celebrations in which all members of the family may participate. Of course if a Navajo has been married before, and both mothers-in-law are still living, he has to be doubly careful but it appears that the newer the mother-in-law, the more potent the curse. Therefore it is not unusual for an Indian to take fewer precautions to avoid the mother of a previous wife than that of a current one.

The Navajos have several other superstitions and omens. The door of a hogan must always face East, snakes are never to be killed, nor can bear meat be eaten. Marriage with a person of the same clan is forbidden, a coyote must never be killed, or uncooked food be eaten, a stranger must not be asked his name and one must never sleep in a hogan where a death has occurred.

Navajo legend holds that the coyote is an evil spirit turned back from the land of the dead to wreak harm among the Indians. If a coyote is killed, according to the legend, the wrongdoer stands to lose his wife. The cure is either the coyote chant or the devil-chasing ceremonial which will drive away the dead coyote's evil magic.

It is a cardinal rule among Navajos that strangers must be shown every hospitality and that food must be offered before a visitor leaves. A similar rule is that Indians must show kindness to the mentally and physically afflicted and both rules extend to everyone's mother-in-law but one's own.

A Woman Who Really Knows How To Talk Turkey

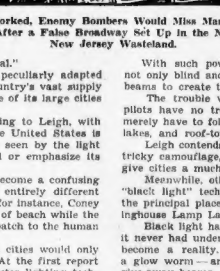
MRS. REX HASSNER of Borden, Saskatchewan, not long ago proved her ability to talk turkey before a Canadian court of law to the astonishment of the magistrate and officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

For many years the fact that she could talk turkey was a secret shared only by Mrs. Hassner and the plump birds she raised on her farm near Borden. Turkeys were "folks" to Mrs. Hassner so she was greatly concerned to awake one morning recently and discover that a full dozen had disappeared without a trace.

After the first shock, Mrs. Hassner went to the farm of her neighbor, Mrs. Andrew Buriak, for consolation and advice. Mrs. Buriak raised turkeys, too.

As Mrs. Hassner approached her neighbor's house, she paused for a mournful look at Mrs. Buriak's fine flock of turkeys and her eyes opened excitedly. She counted the flock. Mrs. Buriak's flock numbered 12 more than usual.

This, she said to herself, was a coincidence, but her neighbor resented Mrs. Hassner's insinuation that her dozen missing turkeys might, somehow, have strayed into Mrs. Buriak's flock.



The Woman Spoke and a Dozen Turkeys Walked Out of the Noisy Flock.

At this point Mrs. Hassner indignantly started off for the nearest post of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

"Twelve of my turkeys have been stolen," she told the Mountie breathlessly, "and my neighbor has taken them."

"How do you know it?" asked the officer.

"Because," said Mrs. Hassner, "she has a dozen more than she had the other day."

"That isn't conclusive proof," said the Mountie. "Can you identify them?"

Mrs. Hassner shook her head ruefully. She never had banded or tattooed her birds because she knew each one personally.

"Only my turkeys listen to my voice," she answered. "They understand me and I understand them."

So Mrs. Hassner and the Mountie returned to the Buriak farm where Mrs. Hassner uttered a long piercing "Yeeee-eeee!" At her words 12 plump birds promptly walked out of the noisy flock.

The Mountie looked at Mrs. Buriak. "I think we had better visit the magistrate," he said. The judge talked turkey to Mrs. Buriak. "Ten dollars and costs!" he said.

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That $40,000 Alimony Blight On Mr. Ryan's New Honeymoon

Four Years Ago the Millionaire Playboy Eloped With a Country Girl, and Woke Up With an Illegal Corn-Liquor Hangover—and Now That He's Married to a Novelist, Bride No. 1 Is Giving Him a Legal Headache

Basil A. (Pat) Ryan, Who Sometimes Agrees With His Father That the World Would Be an Awful Place Without Women But Not Right Now.

"What would the world be without women?
Only a sphere, lacking music and song.
Barrenness, loneliness, blankness, defection,
Weariness, unhappiness, everything wrong."

SO WROTE John Barry Ryan, the millionaire poet and intermittent recluse, who died a few weeks ago.

His youngest son, Basil A. (Pat) Ryan, seems disposed by nature to share his father's happy view of the fair sex. But, each time he gives in to it, something up and smites him. And, for a while, instead of being on the poetic heights, he is down in the doldrums.

Pat is no poet himself, but, if he were, might cook up a variation of his father's lyrical tribute to take care of these emergencies. In that way, he would have full poetic coverage, both for the ups and also for the downs. For instance, in the latter he might moan:

"What would the world be without women?
A delectable place, full of music and song,
Delicious, delightful, delovely, de luxe,
Where no one would worry and nothing go wrong."

Which, indeed, might be his theme song right now, for on the heels of his second marriage, trouble has come again to Pat Ryan, big trouble.

It is in a familiar and, outwardly at least, rather pleasing form—none other than that of his first wife, Martha Barkley Ryan, the willing country lass whom he wooed, won, and departed from, all, he says, in a dense alcoholic fog.

But the really odd thing about this trouble is that it was loosed on him by the death of his father, the man who believed that thanks to women all was well with the world.

It appears that back in 1938, Martha persuaded a New York court to grant her a separation from Pat, together with alimony of $10,000 a year. He was recuperating in a Connecticut sanitarium and did not bother either to appear at the trial or even put in a defense.

No doubt the whole business seemed of trifling importance to him because, although he was due to inherit a lot of money some day, that day seemed far removed. At the moment, he was broke. Moreover, since he was out of the State, beyond the clutches of the New York law, and had no intention of ever going there again, Martha's trial had the unreality of a charade.

His grandfather, the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, the traction magnate, had bequeathed him a trust fund of $10,000,000 but this was what is called a "spendthrift" trust, so hedged about with restrictions that Pat felt he would have been as well off if it had been a pile of Confederate shinplasters.

The will provided that he was to receive nothing at all until he was 30 years old. Then he was supposed to get $1,200,000 but only—and this is what gave the thing such a remote look—if his father were dead.

John Barry Ryan was 62 at the time and, since he had always taken care of himself, looked to be good for at least another 15 or 20 years.

Some prospective heirs might have been reduced to sitting around and chewing their fingernails by a situation like that, but money had never meant much to Pat and he went unconcernedly about the ordinary business of living.

Leaving the estranged Martha in New York, to live on her seemingly unreal expectations and the real $25 a week she was earning as a hostess in a restaurant, he went *from*, the sanitarium to New Mexico and settled down to the simple existence of a cowboy, with dude trimmings.

There he soon forgot about the trouble women had caused him in the past. When Mrs. Margaret Herzog, New York novelist and former wife of a Wall St. broker, came along he was all ready to start chanting his father's lyric to somebody.

Mrs. Herzog made an ideal listener and everything seemed to be going along fine until Pat suddenly remembered that Martha, who had only got a separation and not a divorce, was still his wife. This was a nuisance, but, of course, out in the wild, free West the matter of getting rid of an unwanted spouse still has a kind of pioneer simplicity.

The patient Martha's first intimation of what was going on came, she says, last November when she picked up her morning paper and read with astonishment that her husband had just wed Mrs. Herzog.

"But how could he?" she cried, rushing into the office of her lawyer, Abraham J. Halprin. "He's still married to me!"

The explanation was soon forthcoming.

Pat had not neglected the legal amenities. In September he had gone into Santa Fe from his ranch and begun suit for divorce against Martha on grounds of incompatibility. Disclaiming knowledge of her exact address, he had obtained the court's permission to warn her of his intentions by the publication of notices for four weeks running in the Santa Fe papers.

By Bringing Along the Bride's Seven-Week-Old Baby, Pat and Martha Gave a New Twist to the Old Custom of Eloping.

Mrs. Margaret Herzog, the Novelist, Whose Marriage to Pat Was a Great Surprise to Martha.

New York Daily News Photo

As a result, Martha, who does not happen to be a reader of the Santa Fe papers, learned too late that she was not only without alimony (Pat was already around $40,000 in arrears on that annual $10,000 the New York courts had awarded her) but also without a husband.

"What can I do?" she asked her lawyer.

Mr. Halprin assumed a grim look and told her not to worry. One of these days her ship was bound to come in, he said.

And then, just a few weeks ago, death invaded the retirement of 67-year-old John Barry Ryan, concluding a career which, except for one strange outburst, had been a model of self-effacement.

Always a cautious spender, despite the $25,000,000 or so he had inherited from his traction baron father, John Barry Ryan had suddenly popped out of his poetic seclusion one day in 1932—right in the heart of the depression—and gone on a wild buying spree.

When he returned from it, he had run up several hundred thousand dollars worth of bills for an improbable collection of articles, including, jeweled dice, $95 lipsticks, twenty $14 umbrellas, a $35,000 pearl necklace, a grand piano, and enough incidental jewelry to deck a Sultana.

His wife and ten children, five boys and five girls, were all deeply shocked. But the most shocked of all—as soon as conscience began to get in its work—was Mr. Ryan himself. In fact, he was so distressed that he absolutely refused to pay any of the bills, thus forcing the stores to collect the hard way, via the courts.

The secret of what prompted him to make this splurge passed away with him. And as his ship crossed Tennyson's poetic "bar," something that looked a lot like the one Mr. Halprin had told Martha Ryan to watch for came sailing in on the same tide.

In more prosaic terms, his death meant that Pat Ryan, now 33, was due to receive the first installment of his inheritance, a sum amounting to over a million dollars and held, perhaps unfortunately for him, in New York by the Guaranty Trust Company.

Mr. Halprin was quick to serve the Guaranty Trust Company with a demand notice for his client's $40,000 share.

Whether or not the company will honor the notice is still a question, but he isn't worrying. He says the situation looks good.

The first member of the fair sex to darken Pat Ryan's world was Jean Cochran, daughter of the wealthy and social Gifford Cochrans. Her refusal of his suit shattered his heart, he says, and also his college career. If she wouldn't have him, neither could Williams College, he decided, and forthwith started knocking around from one odd job to another.

Arriving in due course at Hickory, N. C., whose Lenoir-Rhyne College had hired him as an assistant football coach, he boarded with Martha Barkley's married sister and, as a result, presently encountered Martha. She had never been married herself but had managed, nonetheless, to acquire a baby, at that time 7 weeks old.

It seems to have been a curious combination of this baby, Pat's inherited optimism regarding women, and corn liquor that did for him this time. According to his account, Martha insisted on regaling him with the sad story of her love-affair with the local youth who had fathered her child and then skipped town when he heard that shotguns were being oiled up.

The story affected Pat to such an extent, he declared, that he offered to wind up Martha's visit to her sister by driving her—and the baby—back to her home in nearby Morgantown.

"We got into my car," he said, "and she suggested that we drive around and talk. In Morgantown we stopped at a filling station where she knew someone and was able to get bottle of liquor. It was corn and powerful stuff, too, I remember taking a few drinks and driving around. And that's the last thing I do remember until I woke up in the hospital Friday morning with Albert Spurlock, the head coach, shaking me and asking me if I knew I was married."

Martha, at the trial of her separation suit in New York some six months later, not only filled in the details he didn't remember but also corrected some of those he did. In her version, it was he who had forced the attentions, not she. Not until he had asked her to marry him, she testified, did she tell him about her love-child, and then she quoted him as saying "that I hadn't done anything wrong, and that it was just a mental attitude. He told me I had done just what 99 girls out of 100 might do."

Martha Barkley Ryan, Whose Alimony Ship Came In On the Same Tide That Carried John Barry Ryan Across Tennyson's Poetic "Bar."

And so, with no idea that he came from a rich family, thinking him just a wandering football coach, she said she agreed to his proposal of marriage.

She admitted that he bought some liquor, but it was "good bonded rye, not corn."

With this addition they drove to a Justice of the Peace and from there to the Hickory Hotel to spend the night.

So far as is known, this is the first case on record where the bride's baby has spent the wedding night in the same room with the bride and groom.

It must have been a situation requiring delicate handling (seven-weeks-old babies have to be fed about every four hours, not to mention all the other things that have to be done for them) as well as one likely to have a sobering effect on any brand-new husband, corn liquor or no corn liquor.

Understandably enough, Martha testified that she slept badly.

"When Pat awoke at 9," she went on, "the telephone was ringing. He answered it, but all he said was, 'Yes, yes, yes.'

"Then he told me he had to meet Albert Spurlock. He took a drink 'because I'll need it,' and then he went away."

The next time she saw him was when she managed to worm her way into the hospital where three special nurses and three orderlies were fanning away the last of the alcoholic mist. This was several days after the wedding.

Pat hospitably invited her to spend the night, but the doctors objected, so, she says, he compromised by taking down her telephone number.

Apparently, he did not want to run the danger of forgetting how to get in touch with her again, along with all the other things he'd forgotten.

If so, he must have mislaid the number of something, because, she sadly told the court:

"I never saw nor heard from him again."

Chorus (all voices join in):

**"So what would the world be without women?
A delectable place, full of music and song,
etc., etc."**

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Can Science Triumph Over the French by Saving the Normandie?

In Ten Years 6 Sister Ships Have Met Their Doom by Fire Under Circumstances Strangely Like Those Which Sent the Rechristened Lafayette to the Bottom of the Hudson River — But If She Can Be Raised, Maybe in the Same Manner as Was the Old Battleship Maine, Sailors Say the Curse May Be Broken

Birthday of the Normandie: The Giant French Liner Slipping Down the Ways at St. Nazaire, on October 29th, 1932.

End of the Normandie's Maiden Voyage as She Steamed Into New York Harbor Amid the Din of Whistles, Bells and General Festivities on June 3rd, 1935.

In Her Death Throes, the Giant Liner Ablaze at the French Line Pier in the Hudson River, on February 9th, 1942.

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

FOR three weeks now the giant French Liner Normandie, renamed the Lafayette, has lain on her side in the mud of the Hudson like a sick thing stricken by a plague. She is the seventh of her line of French passenger carriers in the last ten years to meet the same strange fate of fire and drowning.

Some of her sister ships, notably the Paris, met their end so exactly in the way she did, and lie in their graves in postures so much like hers that it is no wonder old sailors are sure the curse was written in the very stars under which the French liners were born.

But the old tars will no more say die for the Normandie than for themselves, so they believe that if she can be resurrected the curse will be broken for other French ships to come.

They are superstitious, these sailors, but they are also shrewd and they look to science for the miracle of the Normandie's return from the dead. Praying with them for the Normandie's recovery are the multiple millions of the United Nations, who want the huge craft to help them smash the foes of Democracy.

Will science answer this world-wide prayer?

The man who designed the Normandie says yes. Russian-born Vladimir I. Yourkevitch, from whose blueprints the Normandie was created, reminds us how the United States battleship Maine, whose sinking started a war, was raised up from the bottom of Havana harbor.

He recalls the German war fleet scuttled by her crews at the end of the first World War, then lifted out of the waters of Scapa Flow. He has laid out blueprints for the raising of the Paris, which lies on her port side by the pier at Le Havre, exactly as the Normandie lies in the Hudson.

The problems of raising each of the sister ships are so much alike, he says, that if the plans he has already drawn for the resurrection of the Paris are adapted for the Normandie, five to six months should see the giant ship riding the waters again.

When a train is wrecked the one thing we ask is: "How many lives?" When the Normandie went down, besides the pang for the worker who died and the hundreds who were wounded with her, one felt for the ship, too.

"What harm has she done to anybody?"

It is significant that a ship is always "she." She is shelter, she is home; protecting her charges, she takes the brunt of the beating when the sea turns beast and wants to get at them, and if they do die it is because she dies first.

The people who felt sickest at heart when the Normandie sank were the French, whose pride she was and who have already suffered so much agony and loss in this war.

When the Normandie burned I was in a taxi driven by a Frenchman I know who was wounded twice in the first World War and got the Croix de Guerre twice, a hardboiled, dignified giant of a man. We usually chatted when I rode with him, but this time he was thinking his own thoughts.

Suddenly he broke out and I would swear there were tears in his voice: "She was the only decent sized ship we had."

What I heard in his voice was not only grief but also an old anxiety that has become for many a superstitious fear. What is this malignity that has pursued with catastrophe—the same kind of catastrophe — one proud French liner after another?

The Asia and the Paul Lecat, comparatively small but linked to the others by the same fate, caught fire and sank in the Indian Ocean.

On May 16, 1932, the French passenger liner Georges Phillipar caught fire and sank in the Gulf of Aden.

On January 4, 1933, the 40-000-ton L'Atlantique, only two years old and the pride of the French Line, caught fire and, swathed in smoke, sank to the bottom of the English Channel.

Barely five years later the liner Lafayette caught fire at her dock at Le Havre, France. Sparks from a blow torch used by a workman in the engine room started the flames that consumed the ship.

It was a gallant defiance of the fates to rename the Normandie after the Lafayette, but like the Lafayette, the Normandie caught fire from the sparks of a workman's blow torch. Or, so it is claimed.

Then a year later, almost to a day, May 17, 1939, the 37,000-ton luxury liner Paris caught fire at her pier at Le Havre. There had been fires on her before, but this time the flames burst beyond control, in spite of the six fireboats that poured cataracts of water into her. With tragic irony the very water that was meant to save her rendered her topheavy and over she went and sank at her pier.

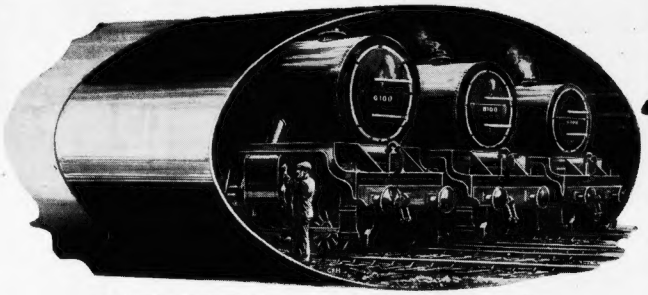
At the very next pier lay moored her great sister ship, the Normandie, about to sail for New York. They had to cut the top masts of the Paris before the Normandie could get out. Today the Paris is still lying on her side in the mud of her anchorage at Le Havre.

When on October 29, 1932, the Normandie slid down the ways at St. Nazaire the weight of her naked steel shell alone was so great that it took forty-eight tons of soap, lard and tallow to grease its brief trip from the dry-dock to her first water.

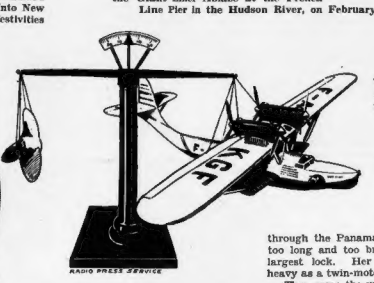
Then came three years of her luxurious outfitting, with all the art of lavish luxury for which the French have such genius. When the greatest ship they had ever built was arrayed in the fullness of her beauty, toasts to her were drunk in every cafe in France, around the dinner table in every home where Frenchmen identified themselves in triumph with her.

The day she left Le Havre for her maiden trip to New York all over France fireworks rioted, bands blared, men, women and children danced in the streets. I saw them, for I was among the 3,500 passengers and crew who sailed on her on that first and festive trip.

On the whole trip over festivities kept up and few of us slept. We danced in the grand ballroom, two stories high, two blocks long, glittering with rainbow darts of color from the million crystals of its chandeliers.



The Funnels of the Normandie Are Large Enough to Form a Tunnel Through Which Three Locomotives Abreast Could Pass.



One of the Normandie's Propellers Is Equal in Weight to a Twin-Motored Bomber.

RADIO PRESS SERVICE

The great old colonnade, the many mirrors, the fountains, the rich brocades, the many women in Paris creations dancing with men in faultless black and white, is a scene I shall not soon forget. I can still hear the great orchestra.

Someone on the trip gave way to a macabre fancy and speculated on what a fire might do to this great craft. We hooted at the idea, and one of her designers pointed out how unthinkable it was.

The walls of all cabins were of duralumin between layers of asbestos treated with fireproof paint. There was a fire detector in every cabin, no matter how small. Should the temperature there rise to a degree even slightly abnormal, it would ring a bell in the central fire station of the ship.

When on June 3, 1935, the Normandie steamed into New York Harbor up surged America's welcome. Every factory whistle, every stentorian ship's bellow, the clangor of church bells, everything that could make a welcoming sound greeted her. A fleet of fireboats flanked her, the most powerfully engined craft of their kind.

Into the air they flung great plumes of white water that rode with the Normandie until she docked at her pier at the foot of West Forty-eighth Street.

America, too, began to brag of her. The ship would top the RCA Building by 175 feet. She would tower 480 feet above the Washington Monument in the nation's capital. She would barely fit into Times Square. If placed within the largest stadium in the United States, Soldiers' Field in Chicago, she would extend 29 feet beyond the gates.

Each of her three huge funnels could make a tunnel through which three locomotives could pass abreast. Through each of them both tubes of the Holland Vehicular Tunnel could pass. The ship could not get through the Panama Canal because she was too long and too broad to fit even into the largest lock. Her propeller alone was as heavy as a twin-motored bomber.

Then came the war. The Atlantic became explosive and pleasure craft, big and small, tied up fast to their piers. The whirlpool of war drew this country into it and the Normandie went into the United States Navy.

The sleep black and white of her great hull, the red and black of her vast funnels turned grim gray.

Thousands of workmen swarmed all over the ship, stripping her of her beauties. With hammer and cold steel, with pneumatic drill and blow torches they were turning the queen of luxury into a fighting Amazon.

Four thousand miles of electric wire threaded her like a nervous system to sound a fire alarm, to convey talk or to operate any of the thousand and one apparatuses on board. They were ripped out. In another two weeks the wires would have been replaced by another system, as sensitive as before.

At the same time she would have been ready to sail, crowded to the rail with fighting youth.

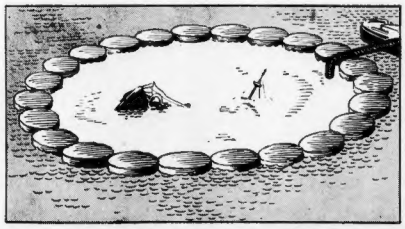
And it was just between these two periods of functioning that sparks from a workman's torch set fire to the ship, precisely as the Paris had been set on fire.

If there were a malign spirit watching in the dark for the exact moment when the unsuspecting ship would be most helpless, it could not have timed its evil better.

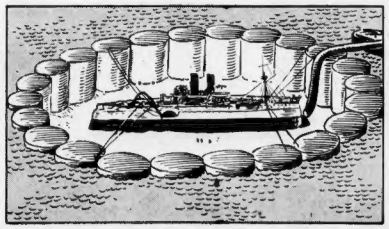
In a matter of minutes the Normandie was a roaring furnace that ate its own walls. On the shore the fire fighting engines of the city came, sirens shrieking. On the river the very fireboats that greeted the Normandie with great fountains when first she came here now rushed to try to save her.

They pumped those pounding fountains into

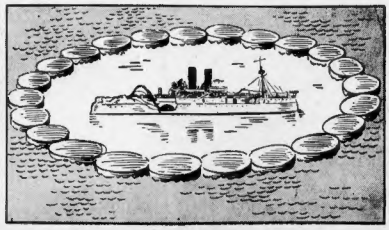
(Continued on Next Page)



The Hulk of the Old Battleship Maine in Havana Harbor Was Raised as the Result of Popular Demand by Means of a Coffer-Dam Illustrated Here.



When the Dam Was Completed and Sealed, the Water Was Pumped Out and the Hulk Patched Up and Made Watertight, After the Bodies of the Victims Had Been Removed.



The Maine Was Floated to the Surface Inside the Dam, Stripped and Finally "Buried" at Sea with Solemn Ceremonies.

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Hoodoo

Int'l

Is This Her Grave? The Mammoth Hulk Lying on Its Side at the Pier, 20 Hours After She Had Been Set Afire by a Workman's Blow-Torch. Her Designer Says She Can Be Salvaged, and Old Sailors Add That If She Is Not Abandoned Like Her Sister Ships, the French Shipping Hoodoo Will Be Broken.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

the ship now to quench her death fires. Ton after ton of water they poured into her. Her high steel walls became a vast tank floating on a narrow keel. Higher and higher rose the water inside her.

Already she tilted to port side. Now the steel hawsers that bound her to the pier grew as taut as piano wire.

On the shore, apart from the milling firemen, sentries and others privileged to come so near, stood a man with overcoat collar turned up, hat pulled over his eyes and pain in his face. It was the man who had designed the Normandie, Vladimir Yourkevitch. Soon he went away.

"I couldn't look on," he said. "So much beauty and so helpless."

Toward morning a loud report sounded. One hawser that tied the Normandie to the pier had snapped. Immediately, like a burst of cannon fire, the other hawser went, and the Normandie toppled over. She went with surprising slowness, perhaps because of her vast bulk. At any rate, her fall was cushioned in the ice-caked shallows.

Like the Paris, her sister in catastrophe, the Normandie died—if she is dead—of the very effort to save her, too much water in her capacious hold.

By morning naval salvage engineers turned from thoughts of the Normandie's loss to planning her recovery. Seldom have so many million others turned to them with expectancy in such a time of need.

Professionals and laymen alike thought of the old battleship Maine, blown up by a mine on February 15, 1898, in Havana harbor. For twelve years she lay in 46 feet of water and 14 feet of clay bottom. The bodies of sixty to seventy American sailors who had died with her lay in her rusting wreckage.

The American people wanted a decent burial for men and ship. So engineers went to work.

In a great oval around the wreckage they strung a girdle of huge steel tanks, filled with mud, sand and gravel. Girt with interlocking steel strips the tanks made a wall high and seamless, rising from the clay of the harbor bottom to several feet above the surface of the water.

Then the maws of powerful pumps went into the enclosure. Great engines set up suction. Meanwhile, to make sure that the sea did not crush the walls of mud, sand and gravel filled steel tanks, the enclosure was banked with earth. Now there was a man-made island below the level of the sea.

Great siphons sucked the water from the enclosure lower and lower until the steel of the torn warship lay bare in the sun.

The men who had died with the ship were taken to their rest in Arlington Cemetery.

The explosion had blown the forepart of the warship away from the rest. One turret of ten-inch guns was found fifty feet off. To this day it lies there.

But the stern portion of the Maine was in such good shape that it was decided to float it. Across the gaping end of the hole they clamped a great wall of timbers. The water inside was pumped out and the empty hull sealed.

Then they let the sea back inside the girdle of caissons. Up rose the remnant of the Maine, buoyant again. They rigged the Stars and Stripes to the splintered mast. They broke open the enclosure that had served to float her. Teams of tugs were harnessed to the floating fragment and the once powerful battleship was towed out to sea.

There with flag in the wind the Maine was returned to the deep.

For the Normandie what engineering science is planning is resurrection.

Good luck, pray the old sailors who want to see the hoodoo of the French Line broken and the great ship made whole again. Good luck, pray those who want the giant on their side in the World War and dream of her as the queen again of the Atlantic in a world at peace.

Can the great craft's immense dead weight of 166,846,000 pounds be raised? If so, how? Is there enough room around her to work in?

Some ships have been raised to the surface from where they lay by being cradled on great steel cables nine inches in diameter. With the Normandie either the cables would break or they would slice through the hull. Derricks would have to help right the ship. Where are derricks powerful enough for the Normandie?

If the basic plan that raised the Maine is to be employed, is there room enough between the two piers where the Normandie lies foundered? The chances are that for such a project not only will one or both of the costly piers—two of the largest in the world—have to be torn down but also a section of the West Side Highway.

Meanwhile time is on the side of our enemies in the war and working with the salt water of the Hudson, which is rotting the priceless installations of the ship's wiring and machinery. Even if the race for her resurrection is won will it be won in time for us, and not the enemy?

The answers to this and other questions are anybody's guess.

But Vladimir Yourkevitch is not guessing.

"Men and machines are not powerful enough to raise the Normandie," he says. "She will have to save herself."

When the Paris, whose plight is so much like the Normandie's, sank it was he who was called upon to raise her. He drew up blueprints and submitted them to the port authorities at Le Havre. The foremost marine engineers in the world scrutinized his plan and found it good. Work was about to be started. Then Hitler gave the world something more to worry about than a single sunken ship and the plan was put away.

Mr. Yourkevitch came to this country in December, 1939. He brought with him the master sheets for the salvaging of the Paris. The same basic principles, he believes, can be used to raise the Normandie.

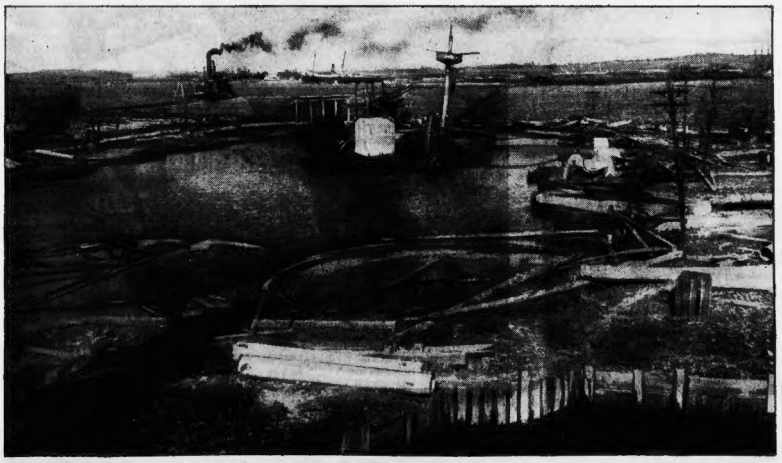
But she is twice the size of the Paris, so that an entirely different table of calculations will have to be drawn up. Mr. Yourkevitch has figured out there is ample room between the two piers where the Normandie lies for work on her.

Obviously, however, when he says this he cannot be thinking of such a coffer-dam procedure as raised the Maine.

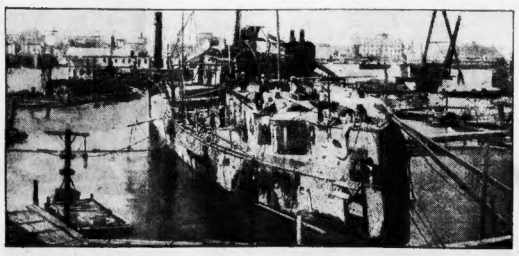
Basically, his plan is simplicity itself. All vents and breaks in the ship which are now under water are to be sealed with steel by salvage divers. The upper part of the giant ship would be pumped dry.

Meanwhile the mud under the Normandie would be dredged and the river at that point deepened. Into the ship's double bottom and lower compartments 6,000 tons of water would be pumped. The weight of the lower part would then pull the keel down, the empty upper part would rise, and the Normandie, buoyant again, would ride upright.

The French Liner Paris, on Her Side in the Dock at Le Havre, France, Where She Was Burned and Turned Over in Exactly the Same Manner as Did the Normandie in New York. In the Background of the Photograph the Normandie Is Shown at Her Pier.



Photograph of the Battleship Maine, Inside the Giant Dam Whose Metal Tubes Were Filled with Sand and Then Supported by Filled in Earth Which Formed a Man-Made Island.



Hulk of the Maine as It Appeared When It Was Floated to the Surface.

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So You Think This Is Sissy Stuff?

INT'L. PHOTOS

Try This Dancing Maneuver With the Wife, Or the Girl Friend, and You Are Likely to Find Out That You Aren't Strong Enough to Be a Ballroom Dancer.

MANY a burly he-man has sat in a theatre or at a night club table watching the graceful maneuvers of dapper dancers in "white tie and tails" and labeling the performers as sissies. Some of these hairy-chested observers have openly opined that the light-footed disciples of the dance couldn't earn enough to keep themselves in hair tonic and hankies if they really had to work for a living.

These self-appointed critics of ballroom dancing and the men who do it professionally shouldn't let the patent leather shoes and the courtly manners warp their judgment—because it takes an athlete to go in for the sort of Terpsichorean antics shown on this page.

Top-flight dancers—like Naldi, the artist shown in the three photographs—wouldn't be where they are if they didn't have exceptional strength and stamina. As a matter of fact, Mr. Naldi is an all-around athlete and a crack swimmer.

The pretty and graceful partner he is tossing around so esthetically is his wife, known to the profession and to the public as Mary Raye. She is the distaff side of the well-known dancing team of Naldi and Raye.

She knows better than anyone else just how strong her husband is and what a brawny physique is concealed by his meticulously-cut dancing clothes. If he didn't have the biceps of a weight-lifter and the calves of a boxer, he wouldn't be making Mrs. Naldi seem as light as a feather. The seemingly effortless ease with which he lifts her aloft and whirls her around is subtle proof of his physical power.

The brawny boys—and some not so brawny—who have the notion that male dancers like Mr. Naldi are in the "panty-waist" class should try to do what he does. They might go home and imitate just one or two of the simpler stunts of Naldi and Raye.

If "the little woman," or some other human weighing in the neighborhood of 110 pounds, will submit to the experiment, let the critics of ballroom dancing pick up said human and get to work.

He'll find, right away, that it's one thing to lift a person and something else again to make the job look easy and graceful. He'll also shortly discover that cutting circles while holding someone overhead is a chore that few men, however strong, can do.

Most dancers train as hard and as carefully as boxers or track stars. They know that they can't achieve grace without strength and they can't stay strong without exercise.

But that is only part of the dancer's problem. He must streamline his power and his stamina to a definite, graceful pattern and cleverly conceal the fact that he is a "muscle man" underneath his formal outfit.

Performers like Mr. Naldi wouldn't look pretty if the exertions of their work made them sweat like a wrestler and melted down their wing collars and their stiff-bosomed shirts. They have to appear cool and poised—which calls for a reserve of physical energy that many a swashbuckling stevedore might envy.

The photographs on this page were taken by the Speedray process when Naldi was whirling Raye around almost too fast for the eyes of an audience to follow—but, because he is a strong man in the pink of condition, there is no evidence of strain on his handsome face.

This High-Speed Camera Shot of Naldi and Raye at the Height of a Spin Shows How Easy They Make Strenuous Work Look.

Few Men Without Special Training, and An Extraordinary Physique, Could Even Begin to Perform This Terpsichorean Stunt Without Straining Themselves and Breaking Their Partner's Neck.

Can't Explain the "Human Cork"

THE biggest mystery floating around Philadelphia these days is Tom Lilley, "the human cork." Tom, white-haired and 76, has the medical world buffaloed. Doctors who have poked, probed and done just about everything but turn Tom inside out can't explain his remarkable buoyancy.

Like a cork, Tom can't sink. You can bind him hand and foot, chuck him into deep water and he pops right up to the surface again. Without treading water, Tom floats upright, head and shoulders out of water. Push him under and he shoots right back up again. Tom can literally "sleep" on water.

There's nothing about his physical build that gives even a hint as to why he has this strange floating power. He's not fat. He tips the scale at a normal 175 pounds and has a normal shape. There's nothing unusual about his diet—thus knocking into a cocked hat one doctor's theory that it was probably the food he ate that made him the human cork.

Baffled physicians have even gone so far as to study the make-up of his bones on the theory that this might explain just why Lilley bobs around like a chunk of floating soap. But all their examinations have failed to turn up anything unusual on that score.

The most plausible theory, to date, is the one advanced by Professor William J. Hartnett, of Philadelphia, who believes that the "human cork" probably owns a pair of over-sized lungs that serve him as "water wings."

Tom himself can't explain just why he, and no one else, should bob around, and he further complicates matters by pointing out that he was not exceptionally buoyant as a youth, and that only in the last few years has he discovered his unusual ability.

TELL ME SOMETHING NEW AND EXCITING TO HAVE FOR SUNDAY DINNER!
START WITH LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP— IT'S GOT A HOMEMADE CHICKEN-Y TASTE THEY'LL RAVE OVER!

SURPRISE! A NEW SOUP WITH THE OLD-FASHIONED CHICKEN-Y FLAVOR!

It's Lipton's new Noodle Soup... with oodles of noodles! Cooks in 7 quick minutes!

It's been a new sensation at many a meal...this Lipton Noodle Soup with the chicken-y flavor that tastes just like a fresh, home-made soup! The reason is, you really "home-cook" it yourself from specially prepared Lipton makings... not just heat it up. And it cooks in only 7 minutes!

Surprise your family with a first course of this new Lipton Noodle Soup. It's as easy as a canned soup... it costs only 10¢ ...and it tastes like heaven!

10¢ PACKAGE

ALSO IN THRIFTY 3-PACKAGE CARTON

HOMEMADE NOODLE SOUP! MOM, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
AREN'T I THOUGH? I JUST ADDED LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP MIX TO BOILING WATER— COOKED IT 7 MINUTES —AND HERE IT IS!

"Homemade" soup without the work! The little Lipton envelope contains everything you need...delicious soup seasonings, oodles of yellow egg noodles, and rich broth "makings." All you do is empty them into a quart of boiling water, cook briskly 7 minutes... and look modest while people rave! Ask for Lipton's tomorrow... the new Noodle Soup with the old-fashioned chicken-y taste!

Good news in these days of close budgets! One 10¢ package of Lipton's gives you almost a quart of good rich soup... almost one and a half times as much soup as you get from the average can. Several packages take up only a little space in your cupboard. Stock up on Lipton's Noodle Soup ...and save!

LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP MIX

MADE BY THE LIPTON TEA PEOPLE

Foretold Her Own Doom Then the Seeress Was Shot To Death

Mystic Mme. Lorraine Recognized the Signs That Meant a Violent End But She Didn't Know It Was to Be at the Hands of Her Best Friend

Celeste Frank, the Fortune Teller Hollywood Knew as Madame Lorraine. Her Most Accurate Prediction Was About Herself.

Had Mme. Lorraine Gazed Into Her Crystal and Seen That It Was Jean Who Was to Shoot Her, She Might Have Averted the Quarrel That Resulted in Tragedy.

Charlotte Jean LeNord, the Seeress' 25-Year-Old Protege and Adopted Daughter, Tear-Stained and Disheveled as She Reported to the Police That She Had "Hurt Somebody—Very Bad."

IN THE weird setting of a Hollywood fortune-teller's seance room Charlotte Jean LeNord, 24-year-old blond crystal gazer, pulled the trigger of a cheap revolver.

A bullet tore through the breast of Miss LeNord's best friend and mentor in the mysteries of divination, 50-year-old Madame Lorraine, with fatal effect, leaving police with a baffling case whose true solution may be found only in the realm of the occult.

A coroner's jury pondered the circumstances but was unable to decide whether the death-dealing shot was an accident or was fired with homicidal intent. Police authorities, who find no justification by law for the workings of supernatural forces, charged Miss LeNord with the murder of the seeress because the physical facts allowed them no alternative.

But those who delve into the mysteries of occultism wonder if a hidden, mystic force may have impelled the young woman, without the guidance of her own will, to fire the shot in fulfillment of a fate revealed in Madame Lorraine's palm and her crystal, a few days before her death.

The seeress and her youthful protege had read each other's palms a short time before the tragedy. Both also conjured visions in the crystal ball, which was part of the fortune teller's props.

The Human Skull That Served as a Base for Mme. Lorraine's Crystal and Was Part of the Bizarre Furnishings of the Seance Room Where She Was Shot.

"Madame's life-line ended in a star," Miss LeNord explained.

That symbol foretold death in the lore of palmistry. The very same prophecy had been read by Madame Lorraine herself in her crystal ball, but apparently she saw nothing either in her palm or the crystal ball to indicate how she was to meet her violent end.

"Madame Lorraine was my best friend," Miss LeNord sobbed. "I had no reason to kill her. I wouldn't have wanted to kill her. I can't understand it."

Miss LeNord regarded herself as an "adopted daughter" of the woman she killed. She had met Madame Lorraine, whose real name was Celeste Frank, about three years ago when the seeress was conducting a fortune-telling concession at the Pan-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco.

Madame Lorraine and her husband, Robert M. Frank, both were immediately attracted to the pretty, young Jean.

"They said they liked me because I looked so much like their boy who had died," she said.

After the San Francisco fair closed the Franks and their "daughter" moved to San Antonio where Madame Lorraine set up a fortune-telling establishment, meanwhile instructing her protege in the mysteries of crystal-gazing, palmistry, and numerology.

While on a motor trip last September Frank was stricken ill and died in Salt Lake City. His body was cremated. With the urn containing her husband's ashes Madame Lorraine traveled on to Hollywood. There she opened her seance room a short time later on Sunset Boulevard, a location probably chosen in the hope of attracting the patronage of the many filmland celebrities who frequently visit the various occult oracles of that community for a lark.

The room was fitted in appropriate fashion for its purpose. It reeked with the heavy odor of incense.

On a shrine stood a yellowed skull, holding a crystal ball. Other objects beside it were a vase of flowers, a blue Chinese idol, a burning candle, and the ever-present urn of ashes. That urn seldom was out of Madame Lorraine's presence.

Whenever she and Miss LeNord left the premises the receptacle was taken along. Even when they merely went out to a movie or to dinner the deceased husband's ashes accompanied them.

A few days after Jean had read the symbol of death in her mentor's palm they had a trivial quarrel over parking their car, a matter that led to more words on the day of the shooting. That was a circumstance seized on by police as providing a motive, but its significance was decried by Jean.

"It was just a little argument over the car," she related. "It didn't amount to anything. Madame Lorraine had scolded me two days before this terrible thing happened for parking her car on the street.

"Then that tragic morning I took Madame out and returned home alone. I left the car in the street, thinking she meant she did not want it parked there at night.

"When she came home she again wanted to know why I had disobeyed her and left the car out. I felt pretty badly about the misunderstanding and started to cry.

"At that she quickly got over her anger and said she was sorry she had scolded me. I felt I was catching a cold so I took a couple drinks to warm up and cheer up. In a little while we were both laughing. Our disagreement was forgotten.

"But my face was mussed up from crying so I went into the bathroom to wash and put on some make-up. When I came out Madame was gone.

"I had asked her whether she wanted to go out to eat and she said she didn't feel like it, so I didn't know where she had gone.

"She had been feeling blue a lot of the time ever since her husband died and often had said that since he was dead she would just as soon die, too.

"I knew she had a gun and all that flashed through my mind. A few nights before that Madame was frightened by a noise and asked me to get the gun for her. I took it to her. She opened the cylinder to look at it. I was watching her and remembered how she did it.

"I immediately thought of that gun when I found her gone. I went to the closet where it was kept and was relieved to find it there. Something told me to take it with me.

"I took all the shells out of it and then for some reason that I can't explain either I put two shells back in the bottom part of the cylinder, closed it, and slipped the gun into my coat pocket."

Miss LeNord went out to eat. When she returned a little while later Madame Lorraine was back at home, lying on the bed reading a paper.

She got up and the two women joked about the unpleasant words they had exchanged. They soon were laughing about the incident.

The seeress, half chiding, smiled:

"You know, I could just wring your neck."

"Well," Jean laughed, "I could shoot you, too."

Her hands were thrust deep into her coat pockets. One rested upon the revolver she had picked up on a sudden impulse. She pulled out the weapon and playfully pointed it at her benefactress.

"See?"

Her finger touched the trigger. There was a spurt of flame. Madame Lorraine, shot over the heart, sank to the floor without speaking a word.

Here again the hand of fate played a part in the strange death star killing. The practical-minded police made a significant discovery when they scrutinized the weapon. Its mechanism was defective.

The cylinder was loose and turned at random. When Miss LeNord slipped the two cartridges into the gun she said she placed them in a segment at the bottom of the cylinder, apparently safely removed from the firing chamber.

By unexplained means, perhaps by the movement of the weapon in the young woman's pocket, the cylinder was turned to place the shells in the proper position to fire at the first touch of a finger.

When the gun went off Miss LeNord was so startled that she turned the revolver aside and pressed the trigger again. This time the second cartridge was fired, the bullet imbedding itself in the wall, where officers found it.

Her friend, dying at her feet, with only the grinning skull, flickering candle, and an urn filled with a dead man's ashes as silent witnesses, the horror-stricken woman knelt beside her victim and begged her to speak. Her tearful pleas were unanswered.

She brought a pillow and placed it under the seeress' head. "I didn't want it to touch the cold floor," she said.

After that brief rite, all that she knew to do to aid her friend, Jean dashed to the car and drove frantically to the Los Angeles police station.

On the way she saw another symbol that registered itself indelibly on her mind. A few minutes after she started she drove past a clock. The time was 7:10.

"Seven was Madame Lorraine's unlucky number," she explained. "I'm sure now that 7 o'clock was the exact moment this terrible thing happened."

Officers looked up in amazement when the disheveled Jean, dressed in slacks, ran into the police station. She stood dazed and speechless for a few moments.

Finally, she found voice, threw the death gun with its two discharged shells on a desk before the astounded officers, and blurted:

"I hurt somebody. I hurt her very bad."

Police rushed the young woman into a car and dashed back to the scene. There she led them into the weird chamber of mystic symbols—and death.

Madame Lorraine, her head still pillowed just as Jean had left her, was dead.

Held on a booking of suspicion of homicide, Miss LeNord's belief in the symbolic teachings of her dead mentor still beset her. A jail attendant offered her a comb to straighten her tangled locks.

She reached for it, then recoiled in horror.

"No! Not that! It's green. That's an unlucky color for me."

A brown comb was found. That color bore no fateful significance for her.

The next day she asked a reporter for a pencil to make a note. The one handed to her was green. Again she refused to touch the object bearing her unlucky color.

At the coroner's inquest she sobbed her refusal to testify and collapsed as she started to step from the witness stand, then sat stoically as she heard the jury report only that it had found Madame Lorraine came to her death from a bullet wound, but was unable to determine whether accidentally or otherwise.

It was not within the province of a coroner's jury to try to plumb the meaning of a life line that ended in a fatal star.

That verdict didn't fulfill the law's calculating requirements. The Los Angeles district attorney issued a complaint charging the young woman with the murder of Madame Lorraine.

The next day she again was led from her cell to face arraignment on the accusation. As the elevator stopped to let her and her guard out she drew back.

"Isn't this the seventh floor?" she asked. It was.

"My Heavens! No!" she cried. "Don't let me be tried on this floor."

The tragic seven unnerved her.

Her guard calmed her with the assurance that she was not being taken to trial, merely the formality of hearing read the serious charge that had been placed against her. With that explanation she was willing to proceed, but with a wary eye for any sign that might portend an occult warning.

She made one request that the law could not grant.

"Let me take charge of Madame's cremation," she begged jail attendants. "She wanted me to. She wanted her body creamated and the ashes strewn over the ocean."

That wish denied, Miss LeNord was taken back to her cell to await trial before a jury that will weigh the symbolical background of the case against the cold facts that will be outlined by the State's attorney.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"Mr. Norton," Said Trotty Simpkins, in a Voice Charged With Indignation, "I've Brought Your Child Home to You Where He Belongs."

WHAT'S IN A NAME

by F. C. Jenson

How a Devoted Young Husband Played a Role Unknown to His Wife and Found Himself Caught in a Web of Complications That Threatened His Happiness and Hers. A Short Story Complete in This Issue.

MR. JAMES OGLEBY, plump, middle-aged, wearing a heavy gold watch chain and resembling a benevolent Buddha, faced me over the lunch table with the appraising eyes of a prospective uncle-in-law.

Throughout the meal he had dilated on the accomplishments and attractions of his niece Kathy whose only living relative he was, and now he lit a cigar and puffed thoughtfully.

"Henry," he said at last "there's one thing more. You know how independent Kathy is. Quite unlike the old-fashioned girl. But thank God she has the invaluable gift of tolerance."

I agreed whole-heartedly.

"So," he continued, "as one bachelor to another, I venture to suggest that before she becomes Mrs. Norton you might be wise to make a clean breast of any little episodes in your life of 'er—a feminine nature."

"Why, thanks," I stuttered, "but don't you think when a man marries he leaves his past behind him and that his wife—well, what she doesn't know—"

Uncle Jim shook his head. "Ignorance is bliss stuff eh? Well, my suggestion's only a suggestion." He consulted a watch at the end of the gold cable. "If you'll forgive me—"

In the taxi getting back to the law office of Perkman and Perkman where I was struggling toward a junior partnership, I cogitated on Uncle Jim's disturbing idea. Tell Kathy? It was all right in theory for a man who wasn't in love but—

I pictured myself trying to explain my affair with Sally Brindling—it was one of those harmless things you simply couldn't explain, any more than you could explain Sally or she could explain herself. The moment you began, it would sound suspicious and the further you went—Sally herself, with a bank account as big as Mt. Washington and a 1000 M.P.H. imagination, had been a peach about our parting when I kissed her good-by. I heard of her doings now and again and then I read she was in a hospital with a nervous breakdown. I sent her flowers and a card "with love and sympathy."

A fortnight before our wedding, Kathy gave up her job in an advertising agency and Uncle Jim presented us with a cottage in the suburbs. We all went out to inspect it. Kathy, her blue eyes misted, hugged the donor and stammered incoherent thanks. His plump face crinkled with emotion. "You've been father and mother to me," said Kathy, "and now—now—"

I watched this scene with a lump in my throat and resolved then and there that in spite of Uncle Jim's old fogy advice I would foster this touching mutual devotion like a precious jewel.

After my marriage I saw Uncle Jim frequently. He never referred to our former conversation and I was congratulating myself that the course of true love did run smooth when I got a phone call from him.

When I entered his penthouse living-room he seemed ill at ease. His eyes lacked their customary twinkle and even his greeting was subdued. "It's nice of you to come up," he said. "Help yourself to a Scotch. How is Kathy?"

"Fine, she's looking forward to seeing you tonight."

"I shan't be able to come," said Uncle Jim, "the fact is, something has happened and I'm relying on your help."

"It's yours," I replied, pouring out a drink.

"Thank you Henry. Let me digress a bit. You know I enjoy people. I like to watch them and talk to them. The proper study of mankind and that sort of thing. Well, sometime ago I met a young woman in the Park. I admit she attracted me. There was something about her out of the ordinary—something that stirred me. At first our conversation was casual, but later—"

It was astonishing what a cloud of buzzing suspicions seemed to emanate from that word 'later,' but I tried to close my mind to them. "Later," continued Uncle Jim, "we became quite friendly and in the end she opened her heart to me."

"I see," I broke in, "and you—you—" Somehow I couldn't bring myself to say, "And so you married her." I couldn't conceive of Uncle Jim as married at his age. And I thought with misgivings of what Kathy would say.

"My boy," he went on, "some day I'll tell you the whole story but the important thing now is this—there's a baby."

If a bomb had exploded in my face I couldn't have been more flabbergasted. "A baby?" I repeated inanely.

Uncle Jim nodded. "A fine little boy. You can appreciate my dilemma. I can hardly have him here. People would jump to conclusions and I confess I have a weakness—I can't face gossip—it's the one thing I'm afraid of. So I've installed him for the present in a small furnished flat on the West Side with a Mrs. Granger."

"But how can I help you?" I asked with all sorts of confusing thoughts playing leap-frog in my brain.

"I understand he's been ailing—you can engage a nurse and run in now and then to see things are all right—I only ask because I'm called out of town in a hurry. I want the little fellow to have the best care. I feel I owe it to him and to myself and to his mother."

"Naturally, to his mother," I said.

"Yes—naturally—Unfortunately she's disappeared but I'm hoping to find her. That accounts for my sudden trip. I'll explain the whole thing to you later. Meanwhile, can I rely on you?"

I nodded. "Where is the baby?"

Uncle Jim wrote out an address and then he said solemnly, "You'll agree with me that Kathy is to know nothing of this. She would only worry and young wives shouldn't worry."

"I understand," I assured him, "I'll say nothing to Kathy."

"The woman in charge—Mrs. Granger—knows nothing of me or the baby's antecedents," he went on, "I've attended to all the financial arrangements except the nurse. I'm giving you a check made out to cash. You can look out for her and anything else that turns up." He took a check from his vest pocket and handed it to me. Then he held out his hand. "Thanks," he said, "I won't forget this."

I shook hands and wished him luck, forgetting to ask him for his out-of-town address. Then I phoned the office that I wouldn't show up till morning and set out to begin my duties as a proxy father. Not without trepidation. Not without conflicting emotions. If Kathy ever learned of this. But Kathy must never know. She must never see the feet of clay on our benevolent Buddha.

IN THIS turbulent state of mind, I arrived via taxi at an apartment building not far from Central Park and made my way into the surprised presence of Mrs. Granger.

"And who are you, sir?" she demanded a little truculently, "the poor darling's father?"

"I've never set eyes on the child," I replied sharply.

"I don't see how you could help it," she insisted, "he's the sweetest, best behaved baby I ever—" To prove it she bustled into an adjoining bedroom and appeared leading a toddling youngster whose appearance added to my mental turmoil. "Pa-pa," said the mite lifting a face so like Uncle Jim's that I felt the perspiration starting out on my forehead.

"Ain't you going to kiss him?" demanded Mrs. Granger. She lifted him up. He held out dimpled hands.

"Mrs. Granger," I said, ignoring these amatory advances, "I have been requested to engage a nurse to look after this baby's health."

"By who?" she demanded.

"By the person who's paying your salary," I retorted. "As I understand it this will not affect your position here in the slightest."

She set the baby down and stared. "He don't need a nurse," she said, "he's just had the sniffles."

"If I may use your phone," I broke in, "I'll see what I can do."

I sat down before the phone and called the Arcadia Hospital. I had sent flowers there to Sally Brindling. The hospital referred me to a nurses' agency, recommending Miss Trotty Simpkins. I got the agency and was delighted to hear that Miss Simpkins could report at once.

When I rose, the baby was toddling toward me again giving voice to his cry of "Pa-pa." I skirted him, maneuvered myself into a chair and began to read about the air raids on London. I was wondering if Trafalgar Square where stands the statue of Horatio Nelson, Britain's most famous admiral, had been hit, when Miss Simpkins appeared. She was incisive of speech and earmarked with efficiency. Rather lamely, I imparted my instructions, aware that she was fixing me with a cold eye.

"Everything will be attended to—Mr.—Mr.—"

"I'm sure it will" I agreed cordially.

"I didn't catch the name," she insisted.

I hesitated. My hands and feet went cold. Obviously it would be a mistake to give my own name in view of Mrs. Granger's terrifying suspicion which she would no doubt impart to her companion. The newspaper I had been reading was still in my hand. It reminded me of Trafalgar Square. Almost as if by inspiration I heard myself saying "The name—of course—Trafalgar Nelson."

"And the child's first name—"

"He hasn't a name yet," I replied lamely.

I took out my watch. "I'm sorry I have to go," I lied, "I'll drop in now and then to see that everything is all right—meanwhile—I trust you both will do your best for—for the baby."

"And if something goes wrong?" asked Miss Simpkins, "to whom do I telephone?"

I essayed a feeble laugh as I edged toward the door. "Oh nothing will go wrong while you're here," I said. It was over. I was on my way out.

I just managed to catch the 5:20 for Melford. The ride home was usually a relaxation, an anticipatory pleasure—but not today. I had made a promise to Uncle Jim which it was going to be hard to keep. The excitement of telling Kathy of his decline and fall was denied me.

I rather flattered myself that I had carried out the afternoon's business with credit. I even chuckled at the name of Trafalgar Nelson. If there was one disturbing note it was Miss Trotty Simpkins. I hadn't liked her glassy eye but then—she had no idea who I was or whom I represented.

This comforting thought was in the back of my mind when Kathy greeted me with a telegram. "It's from Uncle Jim," she said, "He can't come. Isn't it too bad? I suppose you looked for him on the train."

"Can't come?" I repeated.

"No," said Kathy, "something must have happened to keep him—something out of the ordinary, I mean."

As I made no reply she linked an arm in mine and continued. "That being the case, I thought we'd have an early dinner and dash for the movies. They're showing a perfectly moron thing called 'If He Had Only Told Her.' I always get a big laugh out of such stuff."

The dinner was good but the movie was rotten. It dealt with a young married couple the Adam of which had kept from his trusting wife the story of a colorful pre-marital affair. Kathy got her laughs to the annoyance of emotional patrons and what was worse insisted on discussing the thing on the way home.

"Imagine," she said, "in this day, any man who was half a man not making a clean breast of his life to the girl he's going to marry."

"Imagine," I chimed in flatly.

"Thank God," she added brightly, "you and I are free from such outmoded inhibitions."

The next few days I was engaged on a knotty legal problem and Uncle Jim and the baby took a back seat. On the fourth day however, I did manage to run up to the West Side apartment.

The baby's guardians greeted me coldly but the infant cooed a welcome. This time I did not attempt to evade him. "Hello," I said taking his chubby hands.

"I should think so," remarked Miss Simpkins, "it's about time."

Strangling an impulse to throw her out of the window I inquired how things were going and made for the door. "I'll be seeing you again soon," I promised.

"I should hope so," snapped Miss Simpkins caustically. I paused to stare at her. Her tone and her attitude caused me an indefinable uneasiness.

MEANWHILE no word had come from Uncle Jim. I had given up conjecturing about his trip. Had the distracted mother dashed back to the home of her childhood? Was she contemplating an action for breach of promise? Was Uncle Jim trying to persuade her to take the child? I gave it up.

His absence elicited frequent inquiries from Kathy. "He's never gone away before without telling me all about it," she said.

Her curiosity, natural as it was, added to my unrest but I forgot it that evening when we went to play bridge with a Mr. and Mrs. Millican.

"I've got a surprise," said Lotta Millican while we sat sipping sherry after the last rubber. "I'm so excited. Harry's English cousin is here. He came on the Clipper about a week ago on some mission from the British government, so don't say anything about it till you see it in the papers."

"He's all right," her husband chimed in, "all but his name—wait till you hear it—it's Trafalgar Nelson. Isn't that a scream?"

The sherry glass slipped from my fingers and crashed. "Great Scott," I apologized as the Millicans and Kathy looked up in astonishment. "I'm awfully sorry."

"That's all right," said Millican, "get another glass, will you Lotta, and I'll brush this up."

Kathy gave me a distressed look. "Why Henry—" she said.

"Think nothing of it," said Lotta returning with a fresh glass, "instead of breaking bread we're breaking glasses."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Millican, "I must tell Trafalgar that."

When we got back to our own living-room Kathy looked me over solicitously. "Sit down, dear," she said, "I'm going to make you a malted milk." She watched me drink it with an almost maternal air. "You've been working too hard," she announced, "I know the symptoms. Are you sure you're eating nourishing luncheons?"

I protested that I never felt better. And

(Continued on Page 13)

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His Bridges Really Burned Behind the Romantic Old Sultan

Almost As Soon As They Were Across the Strait, the Sultan and His Distraught Wife Heard a Terrific Explosion; They Looked Around to Find the Bridge in Flames; He Had Changed His Mind for the Last Time.

Sultan Ibrahim, of Johore, and His Third Western Heart-throb, Marcella Mendl, a former Typist, With Whom He Fled From the Bombing of London to Be Bombed in His Home State.

By Destroying the Causeway Linking His Native Johore and Singapore, the British Solved the Nice Question of Whether He Was to Stay in the Frying Pan Or in the Fire

MAPS show that Johore, from which the Japs moved on into Singapore, is shaped a little like a frying pan.

Nobody appreciates this resemblance any more than its fabulously wealthy Sultan, for, right up to the final stand of the British, he had been shuttling back and forth between it and Singapore as though between the classic frying pan and the fire.

He couldn't decide whether it would be better to stay with his 500,000-odd native subjects or with his British masters, until the latter settled the problem by literally burning his bridges behind him.

A majestic figure, wearing his 68 years lightly and standing 6 feet 6 inches in his golden slippers, His Highness, Sultan Ibrahim, seems designed by nature to face up heroically to decisions that would make a lesser man flinch.

But, unfortunately, this imposing exterior masks the spirit of a playboy. Endowed with almost unlimited means, and relieved of most of the cares of government by Mohammedan ritual and British overlords, he has been left free to cavort around the world, from capital to capital and romantic entanglement to romantic entanglement.

While no doubt good fun, this experience scarcely prepared him for a Japanese invasion.

His Johore palace had been designed with an eye to grace and symmetry, not to possible bombing. If he stayed there, he might be killed; in any case, dead or alive, he would surely fall into the invaders' hands, which are not renowned for their tenderness.

The English undoubtedly preferred—though they didn't insist on it—that he stay with them in Singapore, where they hoped it would be difficult for him to give in to any temptattion to become a Jap puppet. But, there too, the prospect was none too bright, for a bomb inscribed with his name might do as much damage on the island as on the mainland.

Aside from these physical aspects of the case, there were almost equally important prestige aspects. His free and easy romantic habits had, in the past, done much to alienate the affections both of the native Malayans and also of the English. So here was a chance to redeem himself with one or the other. But which should it be?

If he should desert the former, all of whom called him "father" (many with more reason than the traditional, religious one), he would certainly lose what Oriental "face" he had left. At the same time, if he should desert the English, that wouldn't do much to help the Occidental side of his face.

And there were other factors, still further complicating the issue. His pretty, new wife, a former London typist, was definitely pulling for Singapore. Though a Rumanian by birth, she has highly placed British relatives and is sympathetic to their cause.

Moreover, the Sultan himself had contributed around $3,500,000 to help make that tight little isle one of the world's finest naval bases and he hesitated to pass up what looked at the time like a wonderful opportunity to get a return on his investment.

And so, with the Japs inching closer and closer to his palace, with native ministers whispering, "Stay!" in one ear, while the British and his wife whispered "Go!" in the other, the unhappy Sultan sat quite still on his throne, wringing his hands like a nervous girl.

Then all at once he jumped up, grabbed a few million dollars and made a break for Singapore. But, if he had hoped that action alone would solve his difficulties, he was mistaken. While he was on the mainland, the island had seemed the better refuge; but when he was on the island he had a strong inclination to get back to the mainland.

So, from the new, rather less gaudy seat he was warming among his English friends, he once more jumped up and, with his reluctant spouse in tow, headed back for Johore.

He was just in time. A terrific explosion in his immediate rear appraised him that the causeway, connecting island and peninsula, had been blown up.

"Well, my dear," said the Sultan, looking back and stroking his chin pensively, "that at least simplifies things."

His wife was too distraught to reply, but his native retinue murmured approval.

"Blood will tell," they said. "Father Ibrahim is still our father."

And with this remark the breach, which had opened up between him and his own people twelve years before—when he had first discovered the attractions of Western typists—seemed to be closed.

That initial discovery took place back in 1930. Previously Father Ibrahim had contented himself with four copper-skinned native wives, the legal limit according to the Mohammedan view, and all had been peaceful in Johore.

Then an English physician, Dr. William Wilson, got himself appointed the Sultan's court doctor. With him, he brought his beautiful, blond wife, Helen, who was Scotch by birth and a typist by trade, and the moment the Sultan's eyes fell on her he developed a malady medicine could not cure.

Ibrahim's courting was a model of delicacy. Never by a touch, a word or a burning glance did he reveal his passion. But every so often he would invite the stately Helen to inspect the crown jewels. While her dazzled eyes took in their $5,000,000 worth of splendor, he would tell her how greatly he longed for a Sultana worthy to wear them.

Though slower than the average courting technique of Western countries, this one eventually did the job. Dr. Wilson went back to England and Helen, amid the muttering of the populace, became Sultana of Johore, or rather, one of the Sultanas of Johore, the copper-skinned native maidens staying on in a subordinate capacity.

No doubt Ibrahim would have got rid of them by the simple Mohammedan expedient of saying "Talak" (Get out) three times in their presence (and that of witnesses), but since they were the daughters of powerful native chiefs he did not think this would be wise. As it was, the political repercussions were alarming.

It is possible that Ibrahim laid the discontent of his subjects to the extreme delicacy with which he handled the affair. In any case, the next time he encountered blond typists he omitted the delicacy.

He was, at the time, taking a little vacation from Sultana Helen and his other domestic ties. It was a long, leisurely yachting trip in the course of which he picked up many interesting curios, including a couple of girls who had got rid of taking down dictation in Melbourne.

As nothing official or religious was involved in the escapade, it went down well enough with the native populace. This time it was the British who objected. When the royal yacht put in to its home port, a destroyer nosed alongside. Two officers in the most unceremonious fashion went on board and removed the pretty typists.

"Your Highness must not carry off young girls," explained the commander of the warship. "It's a violation of British law."

The Sultan seems to have accepted the rebuff with Oriental resignation, simply saying "Kismet" and returning to the patient Helen.

He remained with her pretty constantly until the Coronation of King George VI, at which time, visiting England for the big doings, he ran into another kind of Kismet.

This one was personified by blond Lydia Cecily Hill, who was dancing in a London cabaret. She was summoned to the royal table and had the pleasure of meeting the Sultan and Sultana. The former greatly reciprocated the pleasure, but not the latter. In fact, the acquaintanceship, thus begun, soon became such a burden to Helen that she voluntarily went to Ibrahim and asked him to pronounce "Talak" over her, in the presence of witnesses.

Ibrahim explained that this was scarcely necessary because at the moment he only had three wives and was allowed a fourth. But Helen couldn't see it that way, so, with real regret, he pronounced the fatal word the required three times and concluded the affair in princely fashion by endowing her with $250,000 down and $25,000 a year for life.

Since there is no such word as alimony in the Koran, there was no pressure on him to make this gift; it was just a heartfelt tribute to their seven years of wedded bliss.

Immediately afterwards, on announcing his intention to marry Lydia, he found himself in hotter water than he had ever been before. Now both the native population of Johore and also the British were up in arms. While trying to figure a way out of the difficulty, the Sultan took his intended bride home with him and kept her in a state of suspended matrimony.

It was not a very happy state for Miss Hill, for though she had all the outward show of being a great lady there was no substance to it. Natives and British residents alike snubbed her as much as they dared. Finally, she could stand it no more and, with Ibrahim loyally by her side, set forth on a world cruise whose objective was England.

They arrived just as the Nazi hordes broke loose. Some of the Sultan's recent indecision is no doubt explained by the tragic experience he suffered while squiring Lydia among London bomb-shelters.

When she told him she did not have the right sort of clothes to wear in such places, he sent her to the fashionable shopping center of Canterbury to buy a special bombing outfit. Perhaps this was tempting Kismet. In any event, while she was trying on a fur coat the Nazis bombed the town. All but one of the stick of bombs struck near the cathedral but this one landed in the business centre, drove through the roof of the furrier's shop and killed Lydia as she stood admiring herself in the coat.

The Sultan was deeply upset and blamed himself because he had sent her there. He had killed her with kindness, was his first thought and then worse, that he had done it with unkindness, by putting off that marriage in deference to subjects and officialdom, Allah had been displeased and shown it by the action of that lone bomb.

Well, he could not undo his mistake but, at least he would not repeat it, the next time fate bobbed up, which it did immediately.

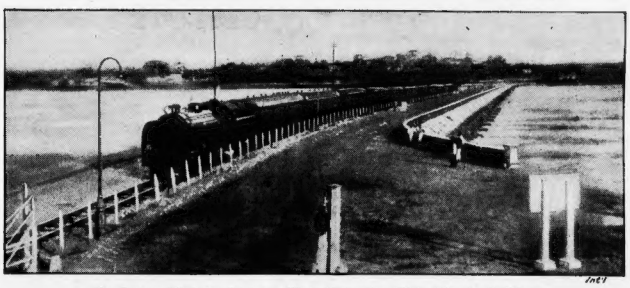
The very next evening the desolate Sultan stumbled into a London shelter. Dodging a man in the dark, he inadvertently knocked over a young woman. He helped her to her feet, apologized and then, falling into conversation, learned to his astonishment that she was a typist. The word roused such nostalgia in him that before the all-clear sounded he was deeply in love.

When the lady, who said her name was Marcella Mendl (she is a niece of Sir Charles Mendl, husband of the former Elsie de Wolfe) looked kindly on his advances, he decided that this time he would try a brand new technique. Instead of announcing their engagement, he'd just bundle her off to the nearest register office, marry her there and let the world howl afterwards.

Safely wed, Ibrahim could not rest until he had removed his new bride from the ever-present threat of the same kind of death that had snatched Lydia from him. Facing his own outraged subjects, he thought, was far preferable to facing any more Axis bombs.

So, carefully avoiding war-torn areas, the couple hastened back to peaceful Johore. The natives, as expected, did not take kindly to Marcella.

However, thanks to the courage she has shown in staying with them and her Sultan it now looks as though she stands a better chance of winning their favor than either of her predecessors—that is, if she is able to go on standing at all in an upside-down world.



The Famous Mile-Long Causeway Whose Destruction Didn't Help the British in Singapore Any More Than It Did the Sultan in Johore.

Sultan Ibrahim's Royal Palace, Which Was Designed with an Eye to Grace and Symmetry, Not to Bombs.

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RIDIN' TRAIL BACK to the OLD WILD WEST

T.F. Healy Collection

When the Redskins Jumped Their Reservations and Went On the Warpath, They Took Particular Delight in Ambushing Lonely Settlers and Deliberately Filling Them Full of Arrows, Prolonging the Torture as Long as Possible Before Finally Putting Their Victim Out of His Misery.

BROWN BROS. PHOTO

Bat Masterson, Marshal at Dodge City, Who Had a Reputation for Letting His Six-Shooter Do His Talking. It Usually Had the First Word, Which Was Also the Last.

"Hammerhead O'Brien Failed to Heed the
Returned to Find His Cabin on Fire and the Raid
Off His Livestock.
"One of the Braves Had the Settler's Wife'
Horn. She Stretched Out Her Arms Imploringly
as They Rode Away.
"O'Brien Set Out in Pursuit But the Raiders
Knew What Awaited His Wife. It Took Him Only
"Raising His Rifle, He Took Careful Aim
Woman Slumped Over Her Captor's Shoulder—De

JUST about eighty-two years ago the first of the daring Pony Express riders put spurs to his horse and dashed away in a cloud of alkali dust on the first lap of the gruelling 2,000 miles of wild and wooly West with its bad Indians, outlaws, mountain blizzards, raging streams, stifling deserts and wilderness that lay between the Mississippi and California.

It was the beginning of the era of the gambler and the hurdy-gurdy girl, the badman and the gun-fighting marshal who blazed their way with six-shooters through the hell-roaring frontier camps. About the only law was coiled in a rope on a Vigilante's saddle.

The story of those colorful, dramatic days has been written for readers of The American Weekly by Frank Murphy, who roamed our last frontier for more than half a century as cowboy, Indian scout, freighter and buffalo hunter "when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

I woke up one morning on the Old Chisholm Trail,
Rope in my hand and a cow by the tail.
I herded and I hollered and I done very well,
Till the boss said, "Boys, just let 'em go to hell."
Stray in the herd and the boss said, "Kill it,"
So I shot him in the rump with the handle of the skillet.
We rounded 'em up and put 'em on the cars,
And that was the last of the old Two Bars.
I'm on my best horse and I'm goin' at a run,
I'm the quickest shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun.
With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky,
I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet bye and bye.
—From the Old Chisholm Trail.

By FRANK MURPHY,
Noted Plainsman, Trail Driver and Indian Scout.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUTLAWS AND INDIANS.

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I LEFT the corral gate open on Lame Bradley, the Black Hills outlaw, last week so I reckon I better round him up next. He was a stage robber in the Dakota bad lands along with Billy Ritchie, the ex-Quantrell raider, who put in eight months with me on the Oregon Trail, rounding up and branding a herd of fifteen thousand cattle to drive east to Big Powder River, Montana, for the N-Bar outfit.

Ritchie was the fellow I told you about getting a necktie party from the Montana Vigilantes soon after that for being too handy about using his runnin' iron on other folks' cattle and horses.

I crossed Lame Bradley's trail in '78 at Red Clarke's trading post on the Cimarron River. That was a spot for you, wild enough to curl the hair on a Kickapoo. It was on the main freight road from Dodge City to Camp Supply in Indian Territory and the stomping ground for all the horse thieves, cattle rustlers, buffalo hunters and crooked gamblers in the country. It was the place, too, that made rattlesnake whisky famous. I'll have to tell you about that.

There was a fellow who had a sort of traveling bar. It was just a wagon with half a dozen barrels of whisky in it. He made the rounds of the buffalo hunters' camps, doing a land-office business ladling out his tangle-foot.

The boys used to smack their lips over their cups and swear it was "th' bes' damn whisky west of th' Mississippi."

One day a couple of them knocked in the head of a barrel the peddler had thrown away. They were going to use it to carry water. When they turned it up a half-dozen funny-looking lumps about the size of a two-bit piece rolled out on the grass.

"Hey! Look at this," they yelled. A bunch came running.

"Are them things what they look like?" one asked.

"They're rattlesnake heads. Nuthin' else."

The hunters ran down the peddler, rolling along over the prairie to the next camp, and held out the heads.

"Found 'em in your whisky barrel. How in tarnation'd they git there?"

"Fellers, I'm plumb whipped out." The traveling bartender scratched his scraggly beard. "Yuh found out my secret—why my whisky's th' best in th' country."

"Yuh mean yuh put 'em there?"

"Yessir, allus do. Half a dozen or so rattler heads in every barrel. That's what gives it power."

I reckon the boys knew why one cupful made them feel like biting a bull buffalo.

That was the kind of men and whisky you bucked into around Red Clarke's.

I RODE in to Clarke's one day with a saddle pony and a pack horse on my way to Texas after a trip north with a trail herd. It was a good place to lay over to rest the horses before tackling the long ride south. Oh, yes, maybe that was a sort of excuse. There was always plenty of gambling going on and I liked to gamble.

One night a stranger rode in and put up his horses. He limped into Red Clarke's on a game leg and introduced himself.

"I'm Lame Bradley."

There wasn't much hospitality in that trading post. I don't know whether Bradley expected everybody to crawl under the tables or jump up to buy him a drink. They didn't do either.

He hobbled up to the bar and tossed off a couple of stiff drinks. That loosened up his tongue. He started bragging, but nobody paid any attention to him. If you were tough in those days you kept your mouth shut and did your talking with a six-shooter.

Lame Bradley was a blowhard and the fellows who hung around Red Clarke's didn't waste either time or bullets on his kind.

He had been a sailor but hurt his leg in a fall on a boat so had to give up his seafaring. Someh landed in the middle of the prairie country a the rest of his sailing on board a horse.

First he got a job with General Crook c Indians. Nobody could figure what use a would be in an Indian campaign, but Crook him because he needed a man who could tents and Bradley was an old hand at sewin

When his job with the troops was over h to robbing stagecoaches in the Black Hill Billy Ritchie. I heard all about that from R The two of them holed up in a cabin on Sand in Dakota Territory pretending to be beave pers. But the only trapping they ever dor with a shotgun on the Deadwood to Sidney line.

When the bad lands got too hot for Brad headed south and pulled up at Red Clarke's.

One night he was sitting in a poker gam me. He got pretty chummy.

"Murphy, yuh look like th' right sort," h "Suppose yuh tie in with me. We'll head sou gether."

"No," I told him, "I ain't ready to leave ye havin' too much fun."

I was ready to move on, but I didn't han have Lame Bradley for a pardner, on the t any place else. He was always bragging toc to suit me. I never had much use for a big and figured Bradley wouldn't go far before body called his hand.

Sure enough he didn't. After he found wasn't going to throw in with him he sadd the next morning and headed for Camp S He always rode his horse sideways, like a w on account of his bum leg.

When I pulled into the stage station Springer's ranch on the Washita River a fe later the boys there told me about Lame B riding in drunk. As usual, he started talki

But he was shooting off in the wrong pla time. One of the cowboys hanging around got pretty tired of it.

"We don't savvy that kind o' lingo country," the cowboy said. "If yuh got an to say yuh better git 'em talkin' quick."

Bradley made a pass for his forty-fou he never got them out of the holsters. The shut him up for good with a six-shooter.

That same trip to Red Clarke's pretty ne me on that long ride over the Great Divid Luck was sure perched right on my saddle

Red wouldn't let anybody but his own m a gambling game in his place. I liked to after Lame Bradley pulled out I went over buffalo hunter's camp near the trading pos

The hunters had sold their hides and ha pokes full of money. They were itchin' to so we hatched up a game and spread a blan the ground for a round of Mexican monte. was my game. I was a pretty fair hand at

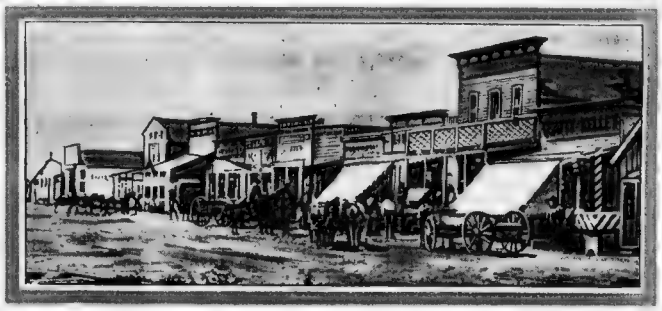
Close On the Heels of the Covered Wagon Trains and the Drumming Hooves of the Pony Express Came the Railroads Thrusting Their Ribbons of Steel Through the Half-Tamed Wilderness. The Early Track-Layers and Maintenance Crews Were Regarded by the Indians as Despoilers of Their Hunting Grounds and Were Repeatedly Waylaid as Is Shown by This Old Print of a Surprise Attack on a Handcar Full of Workmen.

True Rip-Roaring Tales Told From Memory by One of the Last Survivors of the Trail-Blazing Era, When Bad Men, Worse Indians, Express Riders, Gold-Hunters and Settlers Wrote the History of Our Plains in Blood and Punctuated It With Bullets

...out's Warning and ...Cheyennes Driving

...ly Over His Saddle ...ard Her Husband

...distanced Him. He ...nstant to Decide, ...d Fired. And the



Rare Old Photograph of Dodge City in 1878 When the Trail Herds Poured in by the Thousands for Shipment East by Rail. The Cowboys Were Paid Off and Proceeded to Fling Away Their Hard-Earned Wages in the Dancehalls, Saloons and Gambling Hells That Lined the Streets. Gun-Fights Arose Over a Hurdy-Gurdy Girl's Smile, Too Much Red-Eye or Just Plain Ornerryness and the One, Whether Cowboy, Gambler or Frontier Marshal, Who Proved Quickest On the Draw Walked to the Funeral. The Other Rode—Stretched Out. (Copyright by Wichita Eagle-Press.)

Part of Dodge City's Picturesque Boot Hill, One of the Town's Fastest Growing Institutions. Photograph Copyrighted by Stovall Studios, Dodge City, Kansas.

Ben Thompson, Famous Texas Gun-Fighter, Who Tangled With Wyatt Earp and Came Off Second Best. (From Rose Collection.)

he wanted to deal. Somehow, while I was scaring up some players, a Mexican squatted down and started dealing.

I was pretty sore at him beating me to it, and I didn't feel any better when I saw him raking in all the buffalo hunters' money. They were easy pickin's. All I could do was stand back and count the money I might have had.

One of the players was Bill Anderson, one of Quantrell's right-hand men, and a mean one, too. He was losing a lot of money, bucking the Mexican's game. And he was taking it hard.

Well, the Mexican cleaned him slick as a willow switch, and in a straight game.

I was still cussing my luck when Anderson got up from the blanket and started to walk over to his wagon. Just as he got in back of the dealer he whirled and grabbed the Mexican by the hair. Quick as a streak of lightning he whipped out his buffalo skinning knife and slit the man's throat from ear to ear.

"Reckon that feller won't skin anybody else out of his money," Anderson said as he wiped his knife off on the grass and walked away.

Somehow it sort of cured me of wanting to deal Mexican monte for quite a while.

THAT year's trip up over the old Texas Trail turned up plenty of other excitement, too, I'll tell you. There were Indian fights, a job scouting for the army cavalry and a few wild weeks in Dodge.

I rode north that Spring with a trail herd for Tuttle and Chapman, the Cross-5 outfit. We crossed the Red River at Doan's store. That was another place about like Red Clarke's trading post. We cut through the Indian Territory or No-man's Land as we called it then, and forded the Cimarron into Kansas.

One night we camped on Crooked Creek, about twenty-five miles south of Dodge. That was the end of the trail and the boys were rarin' to get to town and cut loose. We'd come through without any Indian trouble and figured we were pretty lucky.

The next morning, just as we were breaking camp, Tuttle, one of the bosses, galloped up, his horse in a lather. He had ridden out from Dodge to meet us.

"Git movin' fast," he yelled. "A bunch o' Northern Cheyennes is on the warpath. Jumped th' reservation an' raisin' hell."

We got moving, all right. Of course, all of us had six-shooters and some of the cowboys had rifles. I had one, but it had a bullet stuck in it.

We got the cattle strung out and started north as fast as they could go. The horse wrangler with the remuda, the string of spare horses, and the mess wagon were bringing up the rear.

The outfit was just getting on the way when we heard a war-whoop and a bunch of Cheyennes came tearing over a rise in the prairie. They rode past our flank, taking a few shots at us, but were too far away to hit anybody. We were in a bad spot, strung out like that for a mile or two, and the Indians were edging in closer to the rear of the herd and the mess wagon.

Norell Raney, the trail boss, wheeled his horse and started back. He lost a leg in the Civil War, but that didn't keep him from being a tough fighter. He always carried his crutch on the saddle.

As we rode back the Indians opened up on us. Raney's horse went down with a bullet through him. Raney got another one through his clothes.

We poured lead into the redskins 'til our guns were empty. Our bullets drove them off for a few minutes. It gave us a chance to get to the mess wagon and saddle another horse for Raney.

"Cut out one o' them mules an' start ridin'!" Raney hollered at the cook. But the fellow wouldn't do it. He stuck to the wagon, whacking a whip down on the mule team's backs for all that was in him.

The Indians began closing in again.

"T'hell with th' cattle," Raney yelled. "Hi-tail it for Dodge."

We raked the rowels into our horses' flanks and fell in behind the foreman.

The cook wouldn't leave the wagon. He kept falling behind, the Indians getting closer all the time. A couple of them red devils finally rode up alongside him and shot him through the head.

We got to Dodge City a lot sooner than we'd expected and we didn't shoot up the town that day either. We'd had enough target practice on the way in.

Dodge was full of cattlemen, all rushing in to get away from the Indians. Old Dull Knife and Chief Little Wolf were leading the Cheyennes on that rampage.

The first thing I did was to blow myself for a new Sharp's rifle. I didn't want one with a bullet stuck in it when I met any more Indians.

The cowboys all bunched up at Dog Kelley's saloon. He was mayor of Dodge. He got his name because he always had a pack of dogs around his place.

They got up an expedition of about a hundred cowboys to go after the Cheyennes who were heading north through Kansas to get back to their hunting grounds. I hired out to Doc Day to fight Indians for a dollar a day—and I didn't get that.

Some soldiers from Camp Supply and Fort Dodge joined us. The Indians' main camp was on Sand Creek. We tackled them there and had a pretty hot set-to. My new Sharp's rifle worked pretty good. I don't know whether I got any but I sure tried.

Old Dull Knife didn't care for that kind of scrapping. After a few of the braves bit the dust the rest jumped on their ponies and hit for the high prairie.

I knew Harm Bickerdyke, one of the Indian scouts with the soldiers.

"How far north yuh been in this country, Murphy?" he asked me.

"Far as th' 'Rickaree last year," I told him.

"Reckon yuh got yourself a job," Harm said.

He took me to Amos Chatburn, chief of scouts for the Fifth Cavalry. Chatburn asked me if I wanted to go to work for Uncle Sam scouting.

Well, it sure looked like a better job than fighting Indians for a dollar a day I didn't get, so I signed up.

COLONEL LEWIS was in charge of the troops. We started following the trail of Old Dull Knife's Indians north through Kansas.

Chatburn, Bickerdyke and I led the way. It wasn't much of a job following the trail. There was a pretty good sized bunch of the Cheyennes, several hundred of them.

A few miles south of the Smoky Hill River the trail led down into a gully. I didn't like the looks of it. Neither did the other scouts.

That was an old Indian trick, leading an enemy into a trap. I told you how it worked for the Piutes when they lured Major Ormsby into an ambush at Pyramid Lake in Nevada. Custer made the same fool mistake at Little Big Horn.

Chatburn warned Colonel Lewis.

"Better go slow here. Looks bad when th' Indians take to th' hollows. They always follow the ridges to see as far as they can."

These army fellows were hard to figure sometimes. They had scouts to tell them how to keep out of trouble and then wouldn't listen to them.

Colonel Lewis ordered his troops to follow the trail. As soon as they got down into the draw Indian heads popped up thicker than sunflowers all along the crest of the bluff. A shower of lead and arrows rained down on the soldiers.

Quite a few toppled out of their saddles. One of the first to go down was Colonel Lewis.

With the Colonel out of the fight, Major Mack took command. He ordered a cavalry charge. The Cheyennes weren't looking for an open fight. By the time the troopers hit the ridge the Indians were out of sight over the next hill.

Colonel Lewis bled to death from his wounds on his way to Fort Wallace.

That night Chatburn called me to his tent.

"Murphy, these savages are gonna kill every white settler in th' country unless we can warn 'em," he told me. "I want you to take your best horse, get ahead of Old Dull Knife an' warn th' whites to get out."

I tied up a chunk of raw bacon and some hardtack in a piece of canvas on the back of my saddle and started out. I crossed the Smoky Hill River and rode all night, shouting a warning at every sod house I hit.

I rode up to one dugout at daybreak, just as the settler was getting up.

"Git out as quickly as you can," I warned him. "Go east. Th' Cheyennes are on th' warpath."

"Don't believe a damn word of it," the settler said. "Yuh cowboys are jus' tryin' to run us out o' th' country. One come through here yesterday tellin' us th' same thing."

I didn't have time to argue with a stubborn hoeman. I rode on.

It wasn't safe to be out on the prairie in the

(Continued on Page 12)

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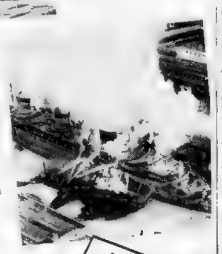

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BATTLING INDIANS IN THE OLD WEST

(Continued from Double Page)

daytime. I knew the Indians wouldn't camp on a dry creek, so headed into one to hide. I tied Old Glass Eye, my horse, in a clump of bushes and crawled in after him.

There was no water, but the raw bacon and hardtack tasted pretty good.

As soon as it got dark I started out again looking for more settlers and keeping an eye peeled for the Cheyennes. I swung back south. Daylight caught me on the bare prairie. There wasn't a tree in sight, so there wasn't any chance to hide.

I gave Old Glass Eye his head. He was getting pretty hungry and thirsty. I knew he could find his way back to the troops better than I could.

We met the soldiers, moving north, about noon. A few hours later we came to the dugout where I'd warmed the settler the day before.

Sure enough, he hadn't left. And he didn't ever leave. The Indians had scalped him and left his body right where I'd been talking to him.

We soon found more whites massacred, settlers who thought the cowboys were just trying to run them off the range. The soldiers buried them and went on.

One settler that didn't pay any attention to the scout's warning was a young feller named O'Brien. "Hammerhead," they called him, and I guess he came rightly by the name.

"There's no Injuns born can scare me," he told the scout that came tearing hell for leather up to his door.

He went right on about his work, which that morning happened to take him out of sight of his cabin and his pretty wife for a few minutes. He did have sense enough to take his rifle with him, though.

But that few minutes was all the redskins needed.

The settler got back in time to see his cabin on fire and the raising Cheyennes driving off his livestock, all but a broken-down cayuse that couldn't much more than hobble.

And one paint-smeared brave had Mrs. O'Brien slung over his saddle horn. The poor girl stretched out her arms to her husband imploringly as they rode whooping away.

"Hammerhead" vaulted onto the old cayuse's back. He was wild with fear and rage, for he knew what awaited her when the redskins got to their encampment.

He dug his heels into the animal's bony ribs, but it was no use. The Indians were outdistancing him with every step.

"Hammerhead" knew there was only one thing to do, and he did it. Raising his rifle, he took careful aim and fired, and his wife went limp in her captor's arms. He had shot her through the heart.

The soldiers helped bury her, too.

The next day a dispatch rider from another troop met us. They had cornered the Indians and captured them.

I HEADED back to Dodge and went to work for Billy Quinlan on the Cimarron. Three of his men, Foreman Jim Murray, Sam Le Fors and Con Red, had been killed by the Indians on Sand Creek. His cattle were scattered all over the plains, so I hired out to help him round them up.

Sam Le Fors was a brother of Joe Le Fors, who became famous running down cattle rustlers and outlaws in the Wyoming-Montana country in later years. I'll have to tell you about Joe later.

When the roundup job was over I pulled into Dodge.

I had to stay there to be a witness against the Indians for killing our cook and Billy Quinlan's men. That didn't make me a bit mad, because Dodge was a great place for a loafing cowboy.

It was like Abilene, Hays, Ogallala and the other towns at the end of the cattle trails, mostly dancehalls, saloons and gambling houses. It was a weary cowboy's paradise. The Texas cowboys made the town, but for some reason the folks there didn't think that gave them the right to run it.

During the middle and late seventies the trail drivers were pouring cattle into Dodge by the tens of thousands. Railroad trains were hauling the longhorns east as fast as they could load them.

The bosses sold their cow stuff at Dodge and the cowboys got their pay. That usually was wages for six or seven months' work, sometimes longer.

Well, after a cowhand has gone that long with nothing in his pocket to jingle you can bet your best saddle-horse he was going to spend it. Dodge was the only place to do it. The cowboys wanted their fun raw and rough. That's the way they got it.

You couldn't have a frontier town full of four or five hundred whooping cowboys every night without trouble. We were all a pretty wild lot, ready to fight at the drop of a hat, so Boot Hill filled mighty fast for a few years.

I reckon about every badman and gun-fighter in the West bellied up to a bar in Dodge sometime during those wild days in the shootin' seventies.

A roll call would have turned up Clay Allison, who put more than twenty men in their graves; Doc Holliday, the thin-faced gambler who became a pal of Wyatt Earp, famous frontier marshal; Ben Thompson, a Texas gunfighter; Manny Clements and his brothers; Curly Bill, Cockeyed Frank, Polecat Sam, Rattlesnake Bill and a scad of other Western characters, mostly bad.

Wyatt Earp and Ben Thompson had tangled before. It was in Ellsworth, after Ben's brother, Bill, killed a sheriff for buttin' into a gambling quarrel. Wyatt backed Ben and a crowd of Texans into a corner and made them throw down their guns without firing a shot. Ben never quite got over it.

I never dropped my reins at a place where you'd see such a collection of characters as you'd meet in Dodge. There was Shotgun Collins, Bullwhack Joe, the Stuttering Kid, Mysterious Dave, Dirty-face Charlie, Pock-marked Johnnie, Six-finger Pete and more I can't remember.

But about all of them backed down at one time or another before the gun hands and steady eyes of the men who wore a marshal's badge, fellows like Earp, Bat Masterson, his brother, Ed, Charlie Bassett, Billy Brooks and Billy Tilghman.

Billy Brooks was the first marshal in Dodge. He set out to curry the new camp down with a six-shooter and did a pretty fair job of it. In his first month on the job he put a dozen badmen under the sod.

He stood in the middle of Front Street one day with his forty-fours blazing when four brothers set out to get him for killing another member of their clan. When the shooting was over the four brothers were dead and Billy had a couple of shots left.

But not long after that Brooks had a row over a dancehall gal with a buffalo hunter named Kirk Jordan. Maybe he figured he was in the wrong. Anyway, Brooks hi-tailed it over the prairie when Jordan pulled his buffalo gun down on him.

The next day Dodge was looking for a new marshal.

I was there when King and Kennedy, one of the biggest Texas cattle outfits, drove into Crooked Creek with a trail herd. Young Kennedy, son of the old man, rode into Dodge to celebrate, like everybody else.

He made a top-hand job of it, too. He went the rounds of the Lady Gay, the Lone Star, the Long Branch Saloon, Dog Kelley's Alhambra and all the others.

Kennedy got a skinful and started back to camp. As he galloped out of town, he whipped out his six-shooters and emptied both guns. Just a sort of farewell salute. Most of his shots went up in the air but a couple were pretty low and crashed through the buildings along the main stem.

The belle of Dodge City was a gal named Doris Hand. She was in bed asleep over Dog Kelley's place when Kennedy rode out that day and she never woke up. One of his wild shots ploughed through the thin wood walls and killed her in bed.

Kennedy went on to camp. He didn't know he'd hit anybody. Bat Masterson was marshal. As soon as they found Doris dead, Bat rounded up Wyatt Earp, Charlie Bassett, and Jim Masterson, all gun-fighters, and headed for Crooked Creek.

Kennedy wasn't looking for trouble when the men pulled up. Before he could make a move Bat Masterson cut loose with a shotgun full of buckshot. Kennedy dropped. It didn't kill him so they brought him back to Dodge.

The killing of Doris Hand was accidental, but the Dodge folks didn't like shootin' Texas cowboys enough to let it go at that. Kennedy had to stand trial. His father came up from Texas and finally got him off but it cost him a lot of longhorn steers to do it.

DUTCH JAKE was one of the characters who helped make Dodge wild. She was a woman. How she got the name Dutch Jake nobody ever knew. And nobody knew her real name. You didn't go around asking about such things if you wanted to stay in one piece.

Dutch Jake was Dog Kelley's special pet and was always hanging around Beattie and Kelley's saloon. She was no beauty even for the frontier where you couldn't be too particular. She was big and fat and her clothes hung on her like a tent. But she was entertainment for the cowboys. I never figured she was any better company than a cow pony, but at least she could talk. And Dutch Jake talked the cowpuncher's language. She was

(Continued on Page 14)

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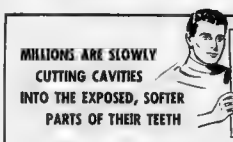

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Actual Teeth

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*AS REPORTED IN AN AUTHORITATIVE SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL

Amazing New Liquid Dentifrice Cannot Injure Your Teeth Because It Contains No Abrasives

It's a scientific fact: Abrasives contained in dentifrices are now causing millions of people to slowly injure their precious teeth.

These abrasives consist of particles so small you can't see or feel them—yet they are so hard that water will not dissolve them.

As you brush these abrasive particles back and forth, they gradually wear away the softer part of your teeth wherever this part is exposed.

You can save your teeth from this appalling injury simply by changing to the revolutionary new dentifrice for brushing teeth—Teel.

Not a paste—not a powder—Teel is a ruby-clear LIQUID containing absolutely no abrasives. Tests show that it cannot injure even the softer part of your teeth.

How Teel Reveals Beauty of Teeth

Teel uses a new-type, patented cleansing discovery that bursts into thousands of tiny, surging bubbles in the mouth which instantly go to work to help remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and dulling surface film. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

Also, Teel's amazing action gives your whole mouth a glorious beauty bath—a refreshing clean "feel." It helps sweeten bad breath. A few drops of Teel in ½ glass of water is delightful as a mouth wash. And Teel's grand taste makes a hit with children.

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Teel is easy to use and so economical. Get a bottle today at any drug, department or 10¢ store and follow this safe, new-day way in tooth cleansing. If you feel that your teeth need an occasional scouring or polishing, see special directions on Teel carton. And visit your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

Change To Teel LIQUID DENTIFRICE

Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders

"You have HANDS a man dreams of—"

A CAPABLE HAND can be romantic, too. Just keep your hands soft, endearingly smooth. Try using Jergens Lotion regularly. This way, you help prevent that little roughness and work-conscious look that spoil the charm of your hands.

ALMOST LIKE PROFESSIONAL HAND CARE—Jergens Lotion brings you 2 special ingredients many doctors use to help skin softening, skin smoothing. Easy! No sticky feeling! $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Always use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

(Paste on a penny postcard. Mail Now)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 4613 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to try the famous Jergens Lotion at your expense. Please send purse size bottle free.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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"Bless Your Heart," Cried Sally, Rushing Over and Kissing Henry While His Wife Looked On With a Startled Expression.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

(Continued from Page 8)

as for that unfortunate accident — well, it was just one of those things.

She seemed to relax on this and reverted to Millican's cousin. "Aren't the English patriotic?" she asked. "Imagine naming a child Trafalgar Nelson. "It's like calling an American kid 'Manila Dewey' or 'Lake Erie Perry.'"

Kathy gave me a cheerful once-over the next morning. "You look better," she said, "don't forget to eat a good lunch." I walked to the station and settled down in the smoker to read the war news.

It wasn't until I reached page eight that I saw it. My Trafalgar Nelson had slipped incog. into New York on the Clipper and managed to elude reporters. But now he had been cornered in Washington. Asked if he were here on a secret mission he made an evasive reply.

I had a sickening feeling then, that fate had sneaked a stink bomb into my bowl of cherries. And that evening I was sure of it. Kathy was buzzing with news. Mr. Nelson had called up the Millicans from Washington. "But listen to this," said Kathy. "It's in Manhattan Knockabout's column in The Blade. She read: So that clever Briton, Mr. Trafalgar Nelson is in our midst. And on a secret mission? Oh yeah, but we have an inkling it's not on Government business but something much more personal.. A little bird who roosts in Central Park informs us—but wait ."

"Well," I said, "go on—go on "

"That's all," said Kathy, "why, how queer you look."

"Who wouldn't look queer. I tell you Kathy, these snooping insinuating—"

"But it doesn't affect us," she laughed, "so why bother?"

Distrusting Kathy, I recalled my flippant remark to Uncle Jim that what a woman doesn't know and wondered what I was in for. The next morning I caught an early train and uncertain what to say or do made my way to the West Side flat. Miss Simpkins was out, so Mrs. Granger informed me. The baby was on the floor. She lifted him and deposited him in my arms. "There, there darlin'," she cooed, with a devastating look at me, "if your father don't love you, I do."

"I dropped in," I remarked, ignoring this thrust, "to tell you I am sending for the baby tomorrow. Please inform Miss Simpkins."

"Is that so?" she asked with a cat and canary expression that filled me with secret foreboding The idea of removing the baby had suddenly popped into my head. I followed it through. "So if you will have him ready about three—"

"Is that so?" she reiterated.

I tried to make my exit as business-like as possible but her enigmatic manner worried me all afternoon. It wasn't until I reached home that I got the answer. The Millicans after the manner of chummy neighbors were peering through the screen door and Lotta was fluttering a paper.

"What do you think," she cried, as excited as though she were announcing the assassination of Hitler, "Trafalgar's picture's in the paper—with a baby. Someone phoned him to Washington. He just called us up. He wants a lawyer at once."

"That's it," chimed in Millican. "So naturally we thought of you. My boy it's the chance of a lifetime."

"I'm sorry," I answered, "But I'm all tied up with a court case —I can't possibly touch it."

"Oh yes you can." It was Kathy's voice *soft* but decided. "of course you'll take it, dear. Nothing you have on hand can be half as important as this."

I began to ponder. Perhaps she was right. If anyone could get Henry Norton out of this mess who better qualified to do it than Henry himself?

"I'll tell him it's O. K. then" said Millican backing toward the door. "He's going to call again soon."

"Yes, it's O. K." said Kathy, "and thank you very much." They went out beaming.

Kathy was beaming too as the door closed. "The fates are certainly good to us," she carolled, "think of the publicity you'll get as counsel for a famous man like Trafalgar Nelson." She picked up the paper which Lotta had obligingly left. "They're very clever—these newspaper people," she remarked, "did you read the caption? It doesn't say outright the baby is his—It merely asks: 'Can this be Trafalgar Nelson?'" Her glance flitted from the picture to me and then back again. "He looks something like you, did you notice it?"

She came over, settled beside me on the couch and patted my arm. "You seem a little worried, dear—aren't you feeling quite yourself?"

The phone rang. "I'll answer it" she said while my thoughts heaved with all the clarity of a surrealist painting. After a while she came over and faced me. "It's Miss Sally Brindling" she said slowly—"the name sounds familiar. Isn't she a glamour girl?"

"Sally, yes I believe she was."

"Well, she wants to tell you that no matter what happens she'll stand by you. She says she recognized your picture with the baby in the paper—"

"MY picture?" I shouted.

"Calm down, dear. I'm just repeating what she said."

"Oh, I see—Ha! Ha! Ha!" I meant it to sound like a laugh but it had all the hilarity of a dirge. "Well, well, well—she must have seen that picture of Trafalgar Nelson. Odd sense of humor I'd say."

"But why should she offer to stand by you—and in what?"

"My dear Kathy," I replied putting what was meant to be a weary hand to a weary forehead, "if you want me to explain the foibles and whims of Sally Brindling, who happens to be one of our clients—"

"You poor dear" said Kathy "you don't feel any too grand do you?"

"No, I don't." I answered clutching at any avenue of escape to a few moments of solitude. "I have a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach and my head aches."

"Bed for you," she announced tugging at my arm.

Once in bed I turned my head on the pillow, "I think I could take a nap," I ventured plaintively.

"That's fine. When you wake up I'll bring tea and toast."

My thoughts at once centered upon Uncle Jim's baby and those devastating traitors, Granger and Simpkins. It did not take a legal mind to understand what had happened. One of them reading of Trafalgar Nelson's arrival had tipped off the columnist and then the city editor with devilish ingenuity had secreted a camera man in the flat to lie in wait for his prey. That was the reason Mrs. Granger had thrust the baby into my arms. The smug complacency of the female Quislings was clear enough to me now.

The fact that I had only myself to blame for that unfortunate alias of Trafalgar Nelson was misfortune enough but combined with the coincidental fact that the original of this fantastic name faintly resembled me turned it into a catastrophe

Plainly, I must not go near the child again. And yet I knew my trouble was only beginning. Trafalgar Nelson with the bulldog pertinacity of his race would not rest until he had blotted the barsinister of fatherhood from his bachelor escutcheon. And I had agreed to handle the case for him! I began to perspire copiously. I got up. I paced back and forth. What could I say to him? How could I explain without involving Uncle Jim? I couldn't.

And if the case ever got into court—something too horrible to contemplate — Trotty Simpkins and Mrs. Granger would bear witness against me. I would stand there as an exahple of a depraved young benedict with a charming wife at home, supporting a baby under mysterious circumstances and giving the name of a prominent Englishman to conceal my identity. The inevitable conclusions were only too obvious.

But that was not all. Suppose I should be driven into a corner and to save myself and my happiness with Kathy face the necessity of exposing Uncle Jim? The old fool. Damn him!—a girl in the Park, wouldn't you know it? And I mustn't tell Kathy Oh no, I mustn't tell Kathy. It was plain enough now why he had imposed secrecy on me And then, awful thought, suppose he disclaimed the child rather than forfeit Kathy's adoration—then where would I be?

And as if these complications weren't enough—there, was Sally Brindling. What was she butting in for? Offering to stand by? Did she really think because she and I had figured in a few unconventional episodes that I'd had a baby on the side? And now this grotesque surge of loyalty. I dreaded it. She was apt to do anything and when I say anything, I mean anything.

Why hadn't I told Kathy the whole story of my friendship with her. And why had I promised Uncle Jim to keep his secret? He had advised me to bare my past to Kathy and then blithely bound me to keep his own past dark.

And then the phone rang. Kathy's words were wafted up to me: "Oh, my dear, isn't that exciting? Yes, I'll tell him. Aren't those planes marvellous'"

I leaped back into bed. I closed my eyes. In a few moments Kathy was at my side. "Wake up dear, Trafalgar Nelson's on a plane on his way to New York—isn't that thrilling? And he's coming here to see you

he wants you to run down the scoundrel who's used his name no matter what it costs. Why, it's almost an International incident. So you see, you'll be famous before you know it."

I made no reply. She placed a hand on my forehead. You still feel a little warm," she said, "I suggest you rest for an hour or so longer and then slip on a dressing gown. We'll explain to Mr. Nelson "

She went out leaving me to suffer alone. I mulled over the pro's and con's of my desperate situation. I turned them upside down and sidewise and at last with a sort of desperate fatuity I concluded there might be a chance of saving Uncle Jim and myself if Trafalgar Nelson only proved to be a human being. If I could make him believe my story in confidence I might get away with it.

It seemed days afterward when Kathy called "I'd come down now, dear. I'm almost as excited as you are "

I had [illegible] myself in my [illegible] than the [illegible] I [illegible] I popped the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] went to the [illegible] Before [illegible] into the room [illegible] without a hat a [illegible] [illegible] Sally Brindling [illegible] dressing gown, [illegible] [illegible] Kit" she cried [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dressing gown [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WHO ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO?

US?

No. Don't listen to us now. Sure, *we* say Modess is softer . . . because we *know* it's softer. We make it that way. But don't listen to *us* now. Listen, instead, to the say-so of thousands of women who *tested* Modess for softness.

10,000 WOMEN LIKE YOURSELF?

All over the country, these women were asked to feed two napkins and choose the softer. One was Modess—the other was the napkin they'd been buying. Yet 3 out of every 4 voted *Modess softer!**

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

If 3 out of every 4 women voted *against* the napkin they'd been using, the napkin they voted *for* must be worth looking into! Why don't you find out for yourself if *you're* been missing out on *extra comfort*. Try *Modess* the next time you buy.

HERE'S AN OFFER

If you don't agree with millions of Modess fans that it's softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N.J.

3 out of every 4 voted

Modess softer

THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Don't miss them if you want to be well-informed of scientific progress!

DEFENSE WORK is vital to America—so is defense of health. For valuable help in building resistance against common colds and toning up a system deficient in Vitamins A and D, many health authorities suggest taking Scott's Emulsion regularly. This great preparation—with the world-known fisherman label—contains vital elements* recognized for their tonic benefits.

88 billion globules to the teaspoon . . . smaller than milk! Actually 4 times easier to digest than ordinary cod liver oil. Good-tasting. Economical.

Rich in natural *A and D Vitamins. Recommended for those recovering from the weakening effects of colds or other illness. Buy today at your druggist!

SCOTT'S EMULSION
A Great Year-Round Tonic *For All Ages*

Ridin' Trail Back to the Old Wild West

(Continued from Page 12)

right at home swapping yarns with a bunch of swearing bullwhackers. When she wasn't elbowed up against the bar she was squatted in a chair out in front of Kelley's place, waving and hollering at every cowboy on the street.

She and Poker Alice, who dealt a gambling game in Deadwood, were the only Wild West women I knew who smoked cigars. I never saw Dutch Jake when she didn't have one in her mouth.

But along with the hard living the boys had some fun, too.

Bob Wright, one of the old-timers there, in his book on Dodge City, tells a story of a patent medicine peddler who landed in Dodge, expecting to beat up.

Well, they put up a deal on him. He was supposed to be an expert in men's ailments and Dodge was a good place for that kind of doctoring. He fixed it up to give a lecture that night in the Lady Gay.

The place was full when the doc got up on the stage. Bat Masterson was planted in one corner. Wyatt Earp was in another, both of them in on the play.

The doc stood up and started his palaver. He was all togged out in a long-tailed coat, boiled shirt and sideburns like doctors wore then.

He said about a dozen words when somebody in the crowd yelled: "Liar! Throw 'im out!"

It was a hard-looking bunch. That outburst sort of knocked the tenderfoot doc off stride, so Earp stood up and faced the crowd. He didn't crack a smile. He pulled out his six-shooter.

"I'll kill th' first man that interrupts this gentleman again. Go ahead, doc."

The cure-all peddler began again.

"Gentlemen, I have here in my hand a little preparation—"

Another voice drowned him out.

"Shut up, yuh greenhorn—! We don't want none o' your axle-grease salve."

Others took up the cry.

Earp got up again, waving his pistol.

"I want you fellows to understand this gentleman is a friend of mine," he said. "Th' next time anybody butts in we'll start shooting. All right, doc."

The fellow made another start, telling what his cure-all would do.

"Yuh're a lyin' --- -- ----"

Wyatt and Bat jumped up shooting. Their first shots knocked out the lights. Men in the crowd started firing their guns. They were all shooting high, but the doc didn't know that. He dropped to the floor and laid still until the gun-play was over and the men started moving out.

A drunken gambler named Dalton was asleep back of the stage when the shooting started. He made a living robbing stiffs. That was a pretty good business in those days in Dodge if he could get there before they carried the bodies to Boot Hill.

Gunfire was music to his ears. With all that shooting he figured there'd be good pickings.

He began crawling around on the dancehall floor in the dark feeling for stiffs. Of course, he found the doc and began going through his pockets.

Just as he curled his fingers around a handful of bills the "dead" man jumped up, yelling bloody murder. He came to life so fast he knocked Dalton down.

I don't know which was scared the most. The doc ran for cover and was gone from Dodge before morning. Dalton stayed sober 'til the next forenoon.

I WAS leaning over the bar with a bunch of cowboys in the Lady Gay one night when hell broke loose from all four corners.

The fiddler was sawing out a tune. The bartender was sloshing out whisky by the tumblerful. Everybody was talking and feeling pretty good.

Some of the dancehall gals were cuttin' a pigeon wing with the boys just off the trail. Jack Wagner and Alf Walker were on the floor dancing. They were badmen and didn't have any use for town marshals or their rules.

To cut down the shootin' scrapes the boys were all supposed to leave their six-shooters at the hardware store or hang them on racks in the saloons when they hit town. They didn't always do it.

Wagner and Walker had their guns on them.

"Th' tinhorn ain't growed that kin make us leave off our six-shooters," they blustered when they walked into the Lady Gay.

Ed Masterson, Bat's brother, was city marshal then. He ambled into the place and spotted the two gunmen. "I reckon they saw him, but they didn't see what I saw. That was Charlie Bassett lounging back in one corner. Bat Masterson was in another. Jim Masterson was on the sidelines, too.

The marshal walked up to Wagner and stopped him in the middle of the dance.

"Yuh'll have to shed them guns if yuh aim to stay in here," Ed told them.

Before the last words were out of Ed's mouth, Wagner came up with his six-shooter banging.

Ed stumbled backwards toward the door. He was too hard hit to get his own gun going. He took a forty-four slug right through the chest.

The gals scattered, leaving Wagner and Walker alone on the floor. Everybody else ducked for cover.

The next instant there was a blast of fire from three places.

But when the smoke cleared the two gun-fighters were dead. Walker and Wagner were fools to get caught in a trap like that, but everybody figured they had it coming to them.

Ed Masterson staggered across the street into Chalk Beeson's Long Branch saloon and dropped dead.

I was in the Long Branch another night when Cock-eyed Frank took after Levi Richardson, a freighter. I don't know just what started the rumpus. The first thing I knew they were chasing each other around the pot-bellied stove in the middle of the floor, trying to get a shot.

I was standing at one end of the bar. Bat Masterson and a couple of his deputies were at the other.

All of a sudden guns started popping. Richardson went down. Cock-eyed Frank got the credit —or the blame, depending on how you looked at the result, but I'm not so sure.

Bat Masterson was shooting, too, and Bat didn't shoot for practice.

Anyway, there was another man for Boot Hill.

There wasn't another Boot Hill in the whole West that filled up as fast as that one in Dodge. It had close to a hundred graves the last time I was in Dodge and mighty near all of them held a man who died with his boots on.

One of the top-hands with a six-shooter was Frank Leslie. "Buckskin Frank" everybody called him. The boys pegged him for a sort of a dandy when he first showed up, all togged out in a fancy buckskin outfit, but it didn't take them long to find out he could unlimber a six-shooter as fast as the best of them.

His first shooting in Tombstone got him a wife. He had quite an eye for the ladies, so a couple nights after he landed in camp he went to a dance. A woman named Mary Galen was there and Frank didn't waste any time in shining up to her.

Well, Mary was having trouble with her husband. Before the shindig busted up she told Frank about it.

"My husband told me he'd kill me if I came to this dance tonight," she said. "Would you mind walking home with me, Mr. Leslie? I'd feel a lot safer."

Of course, Frank didn't mind. They got down the street a block or two when a bullet whistled past Frank's ear. Mary's husband was looking down at the couple from an upstairs hotel window.

When nobody dropped he cocked his pistol to fire again, but he waited too long. Before the second shot was fired Buckskin Frank opened up. His lady friend's husband fell back dead.

Then Frank up and married her, so everybody thought he was a great fellow.

He was working as a bartender at the Oriental one day when Billy Claiborne, a cowboy, blew into Tombstone to celebrate. He was as tight as a Texas tick when he struck the Oriental. Billy got ugly, so Buckskin Frank heaved him out in the middle of the street, dusted off his hands and went back to shining glasses.

Some of Frank's friends came in a few minutes later.

"Billy's got a shotgun," they told him. "Says he's gonna blow your head off th' first time yuh step out th' door."

"Excuse me, gents."

Buckskin Frank dropped his bar towel, took a little hitch in his gun belt, and stalked to the door.

Claiborne was standing at the corner a few doors away. Frank's sudden appearance caught him by surprise. Before he could pull the shotgun up to fire, Buckskin Frank's six-shooter roared twice. The fight was over.

Frank blew the smoke out of his gun, slipped it in the holster and walked back behind the bar.

"All right, gents, what'll it be?"

The fellows at the bar named their poison before one of them asked:

"Kill 'im, Frank?"

"Yep, an' he sure died nice."

At the end of Allen Street in Tombstone was the O. K. corral, where the boys put up their horses when they rode into town. The hottest thirty seconds of lead-throwing the West ever saw took place there. Wyatt Earp, his brothers, Virgil and Morgan, along with the lean-faced Doc Holliday, the gamblingest, gun-fightingest dentist that ever lived, were right in the middle of it, but I'll have to wait 'til next week to tell you about that and some other happenings that made Tombstone famous.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Many people on the border-line of "regularity," as well as others who once took stronger laxatives, now find ample help in this simple, daily aid:

When you get up in the morning or before you go to bed at night, squeeze the juice of one Sunkist Lemon into a tall glass half full of water. Into another glass, put ½ teaspoon of baking soda (bicarbonate). Pour back and forth, and drink as the foaming quiets.

Some find it preferable to take *just the lemon juice* in a *full* glass of water.

Besides aiding digestion and elimination, lemons are an excellent natural source of vitamin C, only known source of vitamin P *(citrin)*, and help promote normal alkalinity.

Try this for ten days. See if you don't benefit when you make it your "regular" rule. Copr., 1942, California Fruit Growers Exchange

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist Lemons

"Hedda Hopper's Hollywood" Many CBS Stations—6:15 p. m., E. S. T. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

RELIEVE NEURALGIA HEADACHES & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"

USE ONLY AS DIRECTED ON PACKAGE
10¢ and 25¢

ARE YOU A GOOD COOK?

Have you found some novel way to pull a meal out of the doldrums with a recipe that adds zest to an ordinary dish?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PAYS $5 for each recipe selected and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Turn your experience in cookery into profit.

Cleaned Up Her House—and Found a Fortune

WHEN Bill LaRose, of Portland, Maine, engineer on a sardine carrier, fell overboard and drowned two years ago, Mrs. LaRose moved into a small rented dwelling on a street close to the waterfront and opened a sailors' rooming house. She got all sorts of roomers, some gentlemanly fellows, others just plain roughnecks. None of them stayed long, however, so she couldn't tell who brought in the bedbugs.

But somebody did, and how they multiplied. She tried every cure that was recommended. She painted all around her floors and ceilings with carbolic acid. That helped for a while, but when she lighted the furnace in the Fall, out came her little visitors from their hiding places.

Finally, Mrs. LaRose decided to fumigate thoroughly. She planned to paint and paper from cellar to attic. When she began peeling off the wallpaper in one of her guest rooms she stopped in amazement when she found tucked securely behind the paper ten $100 bills. And in the adjoining room, seven more came to light.

There was no way of learning whether the money had been put there by some previous owner of the house or by roomers who had long since disappeared. Anyway, remembering all her troubles with the bugs, Mrs. LaRose decided the money was rightfully hers.

The fumigation process was successful and Mrs. LaRose hasn't seen a bug for weeks. But she has changed her opinion somewhat about the little pests. Now she says, "God bless bedbugs. If it hadn't been for them, I'd never have taken off the paper on those two treasure rooms."

Tests during 10 Years showed Fewer Colds, Milder Colds, Shorter Colds FOR LISTERINE USERS

That should be a hint to you to use Listerine Antiseptic regularly and particularly when you feel a cold or sore throat coming on.

This prompt precaution, used early and often, may help old Mother Nature ward off a cold before it becomes serious, and relieve the sore throat due to a cold.

Don't forget that Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill germs known as "secondary invaders." Many leading laryngologists blame this type of germ for most of the miserable symptoms of a cold.

Tests have shown that the reductions in the number of these germs on tissue surfaces ranged as high as 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine gargle, up to 80% one hour after (see panel at right).

So—at the first sign of trouble—gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic—quick and often.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

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PLOWING through snow and slush with cold, wet feet lowers temperature. Such a disturbance of your body's heat-regulating mechanism reduces the blood supply of your mucous membranes—and makes them more susceptible to colds. Your nose first feels dry, then runs copiously.

To combat this symptom of a cold by helping nature normalize your foot temperature quickly. Rub your cold, wet feet briskly with Absorbine Jr. This active fermentation stimulates your circulation more quickly than rubbing alone. And, as a fresh supply of warm blood flows through your feet, that cold, clammy feeling disappears.

Don't fail to take this simple precaution when feet get wet! Do same with children. See if you don't reduce the misery of running noses this winter! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 at all druggists. FREE SAMPLE—write W. F. Young, Inc., 307E Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.
Famous also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Sore Muscles, Strains, Bruises.

YOUR DAUGHTER HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW

It is every mother's duty to tell her daughter personal facts. How much better that she learn them from you, rather than from girls her own age. In feminine hygiene, fact may be distorted, or wholly untrue. As a result, many brides use over-strong solutions of acids for the douche which can actually burn, scar and even destroy delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Science has given womankind a safe—yet amazingly powerful—liquid for the douche, Zonite. So powerful is Zonite, it kills instantly all germs and bacteria with which it comes in contact. Deodorizes—by actually destroying odors, leaving no telltale odor of its own. Protects personal daintiness. Yet Zonite is non-caustic, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,00 bottles already bought. For modern hygienic protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your druggist today.

Free Book Tells Intimate Facts

Get frankly written booklet "Feminine Hygiene Today" mailed FREE, in plain wrapper. Write: Zonite, Dept. 950B, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Your Natural Beauty

brought out with aid of
Mercolized Wax Cream

Try this famous Skin Bleach and Beautifier, Mercolized Wax Cream. Its effective ingredients hasten the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, dull or darkened surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. This complexion lightener used as directed reveals the whiter, newer underskin. **Beautiful Retriguet** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Satchet Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily, morning or evening. **Tarbrett Beauty Rub**—Try this cooling, soothing and refreshing facial. We believe you will like it.

As Superior Skin Preparations to relieve externally caused
SKIN IRRITATION
try
CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT
A WORLD-WIDE SUCCESS FOR 50 YEARS
Mildly medicated Cuticura Soap and Ointment help quickly relieve itching of eczema and ringworm, externally caused pimples, and simple rashes. Buy Cuticura at your druggist TODAY

BACKACHE?

Don't be discouraged if a nagging, painful backache due to the need of what doctors call diuretic aid interferes with your work, sleep, or ability to get around. If you may need to get real welcome relief use those time-proven, easy-to-take Good Medal Capsules. Try them as directed on package. Only 35c. They must help you, or money back!

GOLD MEDAL CAPSULES When You Need A Diuretic

THE greatest book of knowledge in the world is a scrapbook containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Why not start one for home and school use?

(Continued from Page 13)

got him into" explained Sally ingeniously, "that's what I meant when I said over the phone I thought it was Kit with the baby of course it wasn't. It's that Englishman and believe me he's not going to put anything over on Kit if I can help it."

"Do you think he's trying to?"

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" Sally went on, "and there is a slight resemblance—it fooled me. Of course that photo's a side view and the resemblance isn't terribly pronounced but it's enough to start tongues wagging. Something's got to be done to stop it."

"Oh Miss Brindling" broke in Kathy "how good of you."

"What's a friend for?" asked Sally with a meaning glance at me. "Have you ever met Trafalgar Nelson?"

We shook our heads in unison. "Well, I have and it seems plain to me," Sally went on persuasively "that he's had an affair all right and we've got to put him on the spot."

"But how?" Kathy asked.

"Leave it to me" said Sally. "You don't know him but I do. I met him at Lady Piffling's in Devon. I went boating with him. I'd had six highballs but he's allergic to liquor. He didn't thaw. I swore then if I ever got him at close quarters again—"

"How providential" Kathy broke in, "he's expected here in this house any minute now."

"What?" cried Sally, "Trafalgar's coming here—what for?"

"Henry's his lawyer," Kathy explained proudly. "He engaged him by phone to handle his case. What a horrible person he must be. Ashamed to acknowledge his own son"

Sally was staring at me with her mouth open. She goggled at Kathy, then she rose and began to pace the floor. "I'm going to scram," she announced, "After Trafalgar appears I'll drop in and you introduce me as an old friend."

"And then what?" I summoned courage to ask.

"Trust me" said Sally, "I'm for all aid to the British—with reservations."

Voices were audible outside. "It's the Millicans with Mr. Nelson," warned Kathy.

"Where's the back door?" asked Sally and flew. The voices died away.

KATHY came over to me. "Henry dear," she said, "I'm awfully sorry. I apologize. I'm ashamed of myself but for a moment I had a suspicion when Sally phoned that—that—well, that there might have been something between you. Something you should have told me and hadn't. You'll forgive me, won't you—I always thought I had a lot of tolerance but I guess it's different when it strikes home." She seemed so upset that I put my arms about her.

"Isn't Sally Brindling wonderful. And I know she'll trap that man. Just think, your career might have been ruined by that terrible mistake. It just shows to what lengths some bachelors will go. I wonder what Sally will do."

I wondered too. And then there was a knock. Millican's knock.

I opened the door and Millican flanked by Lotta and the outraged Briton stepped over the threshold. Mr. Nelson was a virile, compact, good looking Englishman with a cold blue eye. "How d'you do," he said in a business-like voice when his cousin introduced us.

"And here's Mrs. Norton," said Lotta as Kathy came forward. Mr. Nelson bowed.

"Sit down, all of you," I urged.

"I haven't a great deal of time," remarked Mr. Nelson, "but I shall be glad to learn from you, Mr. Norton, what you propose to do in this—extraordinary affair."

"Perhaps we'd better leave them," said Lotta to her husband.

Millican hesitated. "What do you say, cousin?" he asked, "perhaps we can offer some suggestions—"

"Glad to have you stay," said Nelson settling himself.

"Bring up a chair for Kathy," said Lotta, "she may have something to suggest too."

"Now then," began Mr. Nelson fixing a monocle in his eye as we grouped ourselves about him, "as I understand it, some scoundrel has deliberately used my name and hoodwinked the editor of The Blade into printing what purports to be a picture of me with a baby in my arms. Let me assure you to begin with that it is not my picture and I never held a baby in my life."

"Undoubtedly," I ventured, "the paper will print a retraction."

Mr. Nelson fixed me with monocled eye. "A retraction in a case of this kind" he said tartly, "is very inadequate satisfaction after the damage has been done."

"True," I agreed, "but you will observe that the paper did not make the flat assertion that the picture was of you. The caption read, Can this be Trafalgar Nelson?"

"Do not forget," said Mr. Nelson with a show of heat, "that the previous day, the same paper intimated that my mission to this country had to do with a personal motive. Indirectly, but insidiously, it inferred that I had an interest in the baby which I am shown holding in the fake picture. The popular interpretation is obvious. I have been held up as the secret father of a child whose identity I am ashamed to acknowledge. It is preposterous, abominable and I want you, Mr Norton, to bring this character assassin to court at once."

The bell rang. We all started "Now who is that?" I asked with simulated surprise. Kathy opened the door and admitted Sally Brindling. "Oh," she cried—"you have guests—I should have phoned—and." And then her voice rose on a key of glad astonishment, "Trafalgar—is it you?" She went over and held out her hand. "And we haven't seen each other since that night at Lady Piffling's, have we?"

"Er—I say, no we haven't," said Mr. Nelson fixing his cold eye on her.

"And here are Mr. Nelson's cousins," interrupted Kathy introducing the Millicans.

"Distinctly," cried Sally, "this calls for a celebration." She turned to Kathy, "I just stopped on my way to town but I know you'll help me pay my respects to your distinguished visitor." Then she faced Trafalgar. "Oh I know you seldom take a drink but I'm going to fix up something that'll intrigue you."

Mr. Nelson grew a trifle red. "I say," he began

But Sally was already addressing me. "Kit, will you ask my chauffeur to bring in my box?"

"The fact is," Mr. Nelson began again, "that we're engaged in a—er a little—"

Sally shook a finger at him. "Relax, darling, this'll help you."

The Millicans were gazing at Sally in astonishment. That anyone should presume to address Trafalgar with such levity gave them a vicarious thrill. At this moment the chauffeur entered with a box, or rather a small trunk. "Everything but the ice," smiled Sally. "Shall we take it to the kitchen?" She appealed to Kathy, "yes, that will be best won't it? Come along, Jarvis. Will you lead the way, Kathy?"

"Perhaps I can help," said Lotta who seemed intrigued by the whole proceeding. She followed the three

Mr. Nelson twirled his monocle. "I say," he began, "perhaps we should put this affair off until later."

"On the contrary," I suggested, "I would like to outline a mode of procedure tonight. Miss Brindling will go shortly—she often drops in like this "

We could hear the sounds of ice clinking and presently the chauffeur appeared with our best silver tray loaded with a large pitcher containing a drink of a color I had never before seen

"Here we are," announced Sally, "the Victory cocktail" She picked up the one full glass from the tray and passed it to Trafalgar and then poured out the others. With smiling ease she held up her glass. "To His Majesty King George VI" she said, "bottoms up."

I noticed that her eyes were on our guest as she tossed off her own glass Mr. Nelson could hardly refuse to follow suit.

"And now," said Sally we'll drink to the President of the United States. Fill the glasses Jarvis—all but yours, Trafalgar yours is special." She took it from him and proceeded in solitary state to the kitchen to replenish it, while Jarvis refilled the other glasses.

The drinks evoked praise; Lotta was particularly expansive but to me they seemed innocuous enough despite their alluring hue. I had a sneaking idea then that the potion Sally had handed to our guest was supercharged with the real McCoy After we had drunk the second toast I was sure of it

Mr. Nelson began to show signs of rebirth. I had marveled many times at Sally's quick wit and ingenuity. I wondered now what she proposed to do next. I felt like a man in a wicker shelter waiting for a bomb to drop. Sally was enjoying the situation and so were the Millicans. Cousin Trafalgar had apparently forgotten for the moment all about the child. We talked about the R. A. F. and the heroism of Britain. It was Millican who suggested that we drink to more and bigger bombers. Mr. Nelson who had previously held his glass much in the manner of Socrates about to quaff the lethal dose now raised it high, drained it and hurled it to the floor with a challenging look

"You're wonderful," said Sally going over to him.

"My dear," he replied seriously, "I can't help it. I was born that way." Everyone guffawed and Sally put a hand on my arm. "I've got to have a word with you," she whispered.

The Millicans were hovering about Trafalgar and Kathy was standing by evidently expecting him to break down and acknowledge the paternity of the litigious baby. Unobtrusively, I shepherded Sally into the kitchen. "Well, what do you think of Trafalgar?" she asked.

"What are you driving at?" I asked

Her eyes sparkled. "Let me tell you the whole story in words of one syllable. Simpkins came to see me."

"Trotty Simpkins?"—

"Don't interrupt. She was my nurse and a damned good one."

"But I don't get the connection——" I said.

"You will. You see I hadn't

(Continued on Page 16)

SALLY BRINDLING ADDS TO HENRY'S DILEMMA

MAKE 'EM YOURSELF IN A FEW MINUTES!
DELICIOUS CRUNCHY TREAT FOR EVERY OCCASION!
pop!
Snap
Krackle
MARSH-MALLOWS
Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
YOU COUNT THE COST IN PENNIES!
⅓ cup butter
1½ pound marshmallows (about 2½ dozen)
½ teaspoon vanilla (if desired)
1 package Kellogg's Rice Krispies (5½ oz.)
Melt butter and marshmallows in double boiler. Add vanilla; beat thoroughly to blend. Put Rice Krispies in large buttered bowl and pour on marshmallow mixture, stirring briskly. Press into buttered pan. Cut into squares when cool. Yield: 16 2"-inch squares. (10 x 10-inch pan)
NOTE Nut meats and coconut may be added. 2 ounces of melted unsweetened chocolate or 4 ounces of melted semi-sweet chocolate may be added to the marshmallow mixture just before pouring over Rice Krispies.
Rice Krispies Marshmallow Squares!
MADE WITH AMERICA'S NO. 1 RICE CEREAL!...
Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's Rice Krispies are crisp as their name. Snap! crackle! pop! they sing out in milk or cream. They're the result of Kellogg's exclusive flavor-recipe, oven-popping and toasting. Extra-good with fruit!
Try this sensational homemade treat that is delighting millions. Easy, economical, distinctly different!
Golden treasures—crunchy—full-flavored! Everybody encores these Rice Krispies Marshmallow Squares. They're crisp—completely different! Your answer to a score of problems. A grand party treat. Perfect as a light dessert, between-meal snack, lunchbox surprise for the youngsters. A few minutes—a few pennies turn the trick. Recipe on each Rice Krispies package.
"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.
If it's a Kellogg's Cereal it's the finest of its kind!

Got a cold?

Do cigarettes all seem flat? Prescribe KOOLS for yourself! That refreshing touch of menthol makes your mouth feel cooler, leaves your throat feeling clearer. KOOLS are now down to popular prices. And the coupon on each pack is good in the U.S.A. for premiums!

SWITCH TO KOOLS

UNION MADE

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

What's in a Name

(Continued from Page 15)

given up all hopes of you even after we said good-by. I had your photograph on my hospital dressing table. You get it now don't you?"

I got it all right. My face must have shouted it.

"Exactly," Sally went on, "so when you said you were Trafalgar Nelson, you didn't fool her. Of course she didn't let on. I think she had a sneaking idea you and I—but never mind that. It was Mrs. Granger who gave you away to The Blade. You may not have known there was a Trafalgar Nelson but she did. Evidently they snapped you when Trotty was out. That's the story."

It was and what a story! Simpkins wasn't a Quisling after all. But that didn't help me any. Sally went on: "Kit, I didn't know you had it in you."

"What do you mean?"

"The baby. It's all right with me but how in Lucifer did you hit on that unfortunate name?"

I stared. "Are you inferring that it's my child?"

"Skip it, old dear, it only adds to the confusion. What we've got to worry about now is Trotty. She's hot for Britain and she's going to bat for Trafalgar Nelson. She threatened to bring the baby out here and lay it in your lap—I argued and argued and I hope I persuaded her not to but that's what brought me out—"

"But Good Lord," I cried, in a panic, "we've got to head her off."

"She probably won't come," Sally said reassuringly, "but I thought you ought to know. When your wife answered the phone I couldn't tell her what was what so I said I'd stand by—at that, I said too much. But you've got a nice wife. She's a good sport and I like her. If I were you I'd tell her now and have it over with. A woman hates to be fooled, especially a wife."

"But I've nothing to tell her, that kid—"

"I know, I know," Sally interrupted, "but just the same I'd do it. I knew when she pulled that line about your telling her about our good times that you'd never told her a damn thing. I could see it by looking at you but it's never too late to begin."

She seemed to be actually enjoying herself tragic as the crisis was for me. I was tempted then and there to pledge her to secrecy, bare the whole truth, reveal Uncle Jim's fall from grace and square myself and I might have done it if Lotta hadn't appeared.

"Oh, here you are," she hailed gaily, "Cousin Trafalgar wants you."

"I'll be right along," I answered.

"He doesn't want you," laughed Lotta, "he wants to dance with Miss Brindling." We followed her back into the living room. Trafalgar Nelson was standing by the couch a little unsteadily. "Miss Brindling," he said impressively, "if I remember correctly we danced together at Lady Piffling's. At that time, in the words of your famous Jefferson, our terpsichorean education was rather limited. I would appreciate it if you would condescend to extend it—"

"Charmed," said Sally, "turn on the radio, Kit, till you hit a dance tune, will you?"

While I fiddled with the stations, Millicun pulled the rugs aside and moved back the chairs and then into the room floated the strains of The Blue Danube. Trafalgar Nelson adjusted his monocle and Sally went into his arms.

Kathy had edged up to me and was saying sotto voce: "Isn't Sally wonderful? I wonder what she'll do with him. But it's rather mixed up, isn't it? I don't quite see how you're going to handle his case when he's plotting to ruin you. I wonder—"

What she wondered I never learned for the dancing abruptly stopped. The Millicans, who had been applauding, jumped to their feet. Kathy's fingers

(Continued on Page 19)

Fight colds right!

Why it will pay you to use the ANTIPHLOGISTINE method

BE ALERT FOR CHEST COLD WARNINGS!

When your throat feels raspy and your chest feels tight—you probably have a cold coming on! Don't delay! Get after those symptoms the "Antiphlogistine way."

WHAT ANTIPHLOGISTINE DOES:

It works for many hours. It gives you the benefits of fine "spe-cialized" medication *plus* "prolonged heat." It relieves that congested feeling—makes breathing more comfortable—helps you feel better.

INVENTED BY A DOCTOR

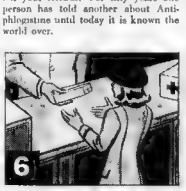
Antiphlogistine was invented by a physician—for the *express purpose* of bringing more satisfactory relief to the discomforts of chest colds. It is a fine medicated dressing, that gives you the added benefits of "Moist heat."

YOU TOO WILL RECOMMEND IT!

Once you discover the important advantages in Antiphlogistine you'll want to tell your friends. For fifty years one person has told another about Antiphlogistine until today it is known the world over.

WHAT YOU DO:

At the first warning of a chest cold—warm a package of Antiphlogistine in hot water. Spread a ¼ inch layer of Antiphlogistine over your chest. Cover with a cloth and let the application remain overnight.



BE READY WITH SOMETHING THAT'S RIGHT

Antiphlogistine is the right word for relief—relief of discomfort caused by prevalent chest colds. Have a tube on hand—now! Ask your druggist for Antiphlogistine today.

Antiphlogistine

(pronounced anti flo-jis'-teen)

Now Also in Tubes

A product of The Denver Chemical Manufacturing Co., New York, N. Y.

Dog's Hobby Is Saving Lives

THE PEOPLE who escape the heat at Long Beach, Long Island, a suburb of New York City, each season when the swimming starts, always look forward to seeing their old friends there, particularly one of the most popular all-year residents whose name is Buck.

Buck is a pitch-black, soft-eyed Labrador retriever owned by Otto A. Trumm, former Fire Chief of the community. The gentle dog is endowed with the disposition of a saint and the constitution of a polar bear, both of which he needs for his self-appointed job of saving lives on land and sea.

In his full-time life-guard job, Buck seems to be carrying on a family tradition, for Skipper, his father, was a canine coast guard before him who particularly kept a weather eye on children. Buck has taken up where Skipper left off.

Like others of his breed, Buck loves the water and swims every day, Winter and Summer. Winters he dodges ice cakes in Reynolds Channel and in Summer he checks up on floating objects just in case they might turn out to be unconscious persons in need of his help.

However, Buck knows that in Summer his presence on crowded beaches could be dispensed with so he takes his morning dip before most folks are up and his afternoon swim out in the channel.

This early morning habit of Buck's once saved two lives. The dog noticed that a man and a woman were struggling to swim against a heavy sea and heavy undertow that was steadily carrying them farther out.

But instead of impulsively dashing in, the smart animal raced from the beach, found a policeman and by his urgent barks made the officer understand something was wrong. The struggling swimmers were brought to shore.

Buck spends long hours walking up and down the beach studying the sea for signs of human beings in distress but that doesn't distract his attention away from little boys and girls on shore who are doing what they shouldn't.

The dog's sharp eye caught a six-year-old lad climbing up a 20-foot ladder not long ago. The youngster had a head start so Buck pulled his 100 pounds up the ladder after the lad, and shepherded the child away from the edge of a roof from which he might have fallen and seriously injured himself.

Making Medicine of Red Clover

RED clover, not sweet but slightly spoiled, seems about to graduate from the haystack and silo and enter the field of medicine as one of the great boons to mankind.

This step up from the field and the barn to the medical clinic all came about because spoiled red clover on the menu of Old Brindle and a good many other members of her bovine ilk gave them a strange bleeding disease.

It is well known that experts have battled for years trying to find a sure way to cure that seemingly unconquerable bleeders' disease called hemophelia which, once it gets into the family, is handed down from mother to son, generation after generation. But, strange as it may seem, there is a time when to bleed is more important than not to bleed. And that time is after a major operation.

Dangerous blood clots sometimes form after an operation, wander through the body and cause serious damage even death, by blocking some important vein or artery.

Protection against such plugged up blood vessels is promised by recent investigations of a red clover extract by the three-man research team of Doctors H. R. Butt, E. V. Allen and J. L. Bollman at Mayo Clinic.

This extract—or its synthetic substitute called coumarin compound—gives a kind of bleeders' disease to persons who swallow enough of it, but not a dangerous kind. What coumarin compound really does is to lengthen the time it takes for the patient's blood to coagulate, thus eliminating the danger of clots.

A Millionaire Playboy's Mad Voyage

Why he raced his luxury yacht with a strange crew over treacherous seas under skies that rained death is vividly told in

CONOVER COMES BACK

By Richard Wormser

A powerful story of action, thrill and romance. Look for it next week in The American Weekly.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY SEMI-MADE Fashions

AW 22 and AW 23

Mothers, daughters and sisters will love this checked woolen suit that will get honors in any Easter Parade. The suit is cut to measure of a fine wool check, the jacket has the shoulders joined, the self material collar set on; sleeves are made ready to be set in, pockets are made and button holes are set in.

The skirt has the pleat set in the front, and gores are set in front and back skirt. The white pique collar is made and the buttons are included with other necessary findings. With the simple instructions, you'll find it a delightful task to take the few stitches needed to finish either, or both of these suits.

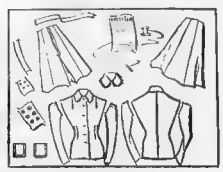
Colors: Navy and white check, or brown and white check.

AW 22: Mother's Sizes 12 to 20 (skirts up to 27 inches long) . $2.95
AW 23: Children's Sizes 7 to 14 (skirts up to 21 inches long) . . $7.95

How to Order

Plainly write style number, color, size desired and your name, street address, city and State. If you do not wear a standard size, let us have your actual measurements, height, and weight, and we will cut to your measure. The small illustration shows how you receive this semi-made suit with only simple seams to be finished.

Remit by check or money order to American Weekly Semi-Made Fashions, 30 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Guaranteed as advertised or your money refunded. Watch for these fashions once each month.



The stimulating, engrossing features published in every issue has made The American Weekly the most widely-read magazine in the world.

TRIM GIRDLE STAYS FIT AS NEW · · · AFTER 39 WASHINGS

Consumer Jury of Fashion Artists calls Ivory Flakes washing test "wonderful"!

CAN YOU GUESS WHICH IS WHICH . . . the washed girdle and the new one? "You'd have to be a detective to tell!" said our keen Jury of Fashion Artists, after comparing these two figure-trimming girdles, famous Nemo Sensations! Posed by the Ivory Flakes Twins, the brand-new girdle is at left, the washed one at right! Our Consumer Jury (l. to r.) Sally Michel, Flora Smith, Olga Helms, Dorothy Salisbury. They're more sold than ever on Ivory Flakes care! Aren't you?

Takes eagle eye to tell washed girdle from new one . . . marvelous color, fit!

OVERHEARD at judging: "Seems the more often you wash a girdle with Ivory Flakes the better it holds its shape!" . . . "The better to hold *my* shape!" came back another!

WE KNOW *you're* just as glad to see this factual evidence as this Consumer Jury, 39 washings—and that girdle looks magnificent! Why not use the evidence from this series of 39 Ivory Flakes test washings to protect your clothes investments?

TRY gentle Ivory Flakes care for *all* your pretty washables. See how surprisingly long they can stay fresh, colorful, well-fitting. Follow the recipes on every Ivory Flakes box. So easy! New Ivory Flakes go into suds so *fast!* Quick, rich, gentle suds—in *color-safe* lukewarm water!

PUT ALL YOUR PRETTIES on gentle Ivory Flakes care. Keep them new-looking as long as possible.

TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ● PROCTER & GAMBLE

Leading makers of famous GIRDLES . . UNDERWEAR STOCKINGS . . GLOVES . . SWEATERS . . BLANKETS advise IVORY FLAKES 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure

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WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

Never Upset on Upset Stomach! Your stomach has trouble enough when it's in distress. Don't add to its troubles with overdoses of antacids or drastic purges! Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

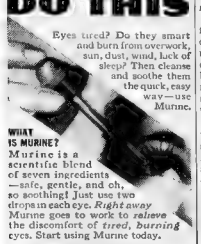
This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. It helps bring relief *without further upsetting* digestive routine! Recommended for children as well as adults. *Ask your druggist for a bottle today!*

Pepto-Bismol

By the Makers of "Unguentine" Norwich

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way—use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE? Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

More Comfort Wearing FALSE TEETH

No longer does the wearer of a loose dental plate have to endure the discomfort and embarrassment it causes. FASTEETH, an alkaline (non-acid) denture powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates holds them firmer and makes them feel more comfortable. No gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Being alkaline, FASTEETH relieves gum soreness due to chafing of a wabbly plate or to excessive acid mouth. Get original alkaline FASTEETH at your druggist. Accept no substitute.

ALKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDER

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, in this and other issues, offers true and intimate revelations of the loves, romances and tragedies of real people, in high places and low...absorbingly interesting features that are all the more impressive because they are disclosures of real, actual happenings ...unusual details about incredible facts—all of them authentic!

YOU MAY ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation.

SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle yet thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stir up your liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly FIRST choice of thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15c, 30c, 60c. All druggists.

Banishing Fire Hazards From The Home

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE enterprising housewife has a double incentive this Spring to get rid of scrap and rubbish of every kind. First, by so doing she is aiding the patriotic nation-wide "Salvage for Victory Drive" and, second, she is making her house a safer place to live in by removing fire hazards.

Now is the time for every housewife to enroll in the new voluntary army, pledging herself to salvage waste and junk to add to the great flow of scrap that will help to keep our factories at full blast in the making of war munitions.

This patriotic incentive to salvage waste material works hand in hand with the imperative need to protect our dwellings, for it is possible that bombs and incendiary fires may subject them to unforeseen fire risks. Moreover, new building will be curtailed for the period that building materials and labor are needed for war industries. So on these two counts the homemaker may become her own "firewoman," as it were, and take active responsibility for seeing that her family's shelter is as foolproof as her efforts can make it.

Vast sums are lost annually from fires and a large per cent of the losses is due to carelessness. Many first-line battleships, destroyers and submarines could be paid for each year from the millions in property that go up in flame. When we fight fire we fight our enemies.

Attack the attic! Clean up the cellar! These two locations are dangerous home gangsters. In these places, experts claim, are started the largest number of fires in the private dwelling because of the accumulated junk at these vulnerable points. Junk is a prime fire-breeder because it offers waste which ignites easily, or produces conditions for that strange type of fire caused by spontaneous combustion.

START with your attic. Does it contain piles of old newspapers and magazines, broken-down wooden furniture, discarded clothing, hats and shoes heaped carelessly in cardboard or wooden boxes? Is there an outworn mattress, a roll of carpet, a hamper of curtain materials, an assortment of useless, outmoded luggage, much of it paper or fibre? If so, Mrs. Housewife, you are literally encouraging risks, as definitely so as if you dropped a lighted match into a full waste-basket.

Today the attic, every attic, and yours in particular, must be regarded as Fire-Risk Enemy No. 1. Why? Because not only is such a storage of junk a fire hazard at all ordinary times, but in these war days we must guard against enemy incendiary bombs.

In other countries now involved in war it has been found necessary to make a complete sweep of all attics, so that bombs will have no additional materials to ignite. In Britain it is reported that attics are cleared out and a 2½-inch layer of dry sand spread over the floor, while all exposed timbers have been fire-proofed.

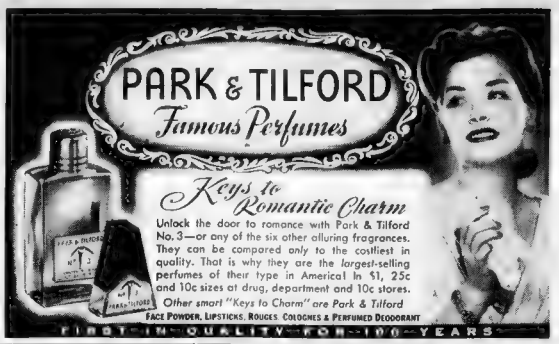
NOW for the cellar, which is certainly Fire-Risk Enemy No. 2. Every basement, if it has a heating plant, is a potential fire-risk owing to the danger of overheating the plant, the coal, wood or other fuels used and stored at this point. But if the basement is also a catchall for papers, rags, trash, broken wood, etc., then such normal fire hazards are quadrupled.

Loosely-fitting stove-pipes or furnace-pipes, the use of wooden barrels or fibre cartons for ashes, cracks in the chimney bricks, all these still further aid in making the cellar a literal firetrap. Millions in property losses and scores of lives would be saved if flues were kept clean and tight, if rusted pipes were discarded, and above all, if no rubbish were stored in any cellar.

CLOSETS, strangely enough, are Fire-Risk Enemy No. 3. It is in the closet, or shut-off area, where that mystery fire, known as "spontaneous combustion," has its origin. This common cause of fire is nothing but a chemical process generated when oily or paint-smeared rags, or greasy garments, are shut tightly away from oxygen. The oil consumes the oxygen, raising the temperature of the oil, and in turn makes it hot enough to start a fire burning on the combustible material with which it is associated.

Keep all oily rags in tightly-shut tin boxes, and away from steam-pipes, hot-air registers or other heat. Be sure the closet used for cleaning tools is well ventilated.

Home-makers, here's your chance. From attic to cellar, rout out the rubbish and the junk, newspapers, cardboard, old letters, old magazines, discarded rubber shower curtains, beach shoes and bathing caps, and get paid for it by cooperating with this year's Salvage for Victory campaign.



Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? **THE AMERICAN WEEKLY** will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

Make it with apricots. Make it with prunes. Or make it with a combination of both. And be sure the fruit is SUNSWEET.

For SUNSWEET Prunes and Apricots have extra flavor, extra goodness. Here's why. FRUIT THAT IS GREEN OR ONLY HALF-RIPE CAN'T BE DRIED TO AN EDIBLE CONDITION. It has to be *full-ripe*, rich in natural fruit sugar and the things that make ripe fruit *ripe*.

That means it's rich in natural vitamins and minerals, too, *enriched by Nature* with these important elements, and not fortified by artificial methods. Nature's way is best.

SUNSWEET Prunes and Apricots are "*Tenderized*" to make them extra tender and extra good. SEALED IN FOIL to *keep* them extra tender and extra good. For, *seals out* air, dust, light, and heat; *seals in* the mellowness and flavor.

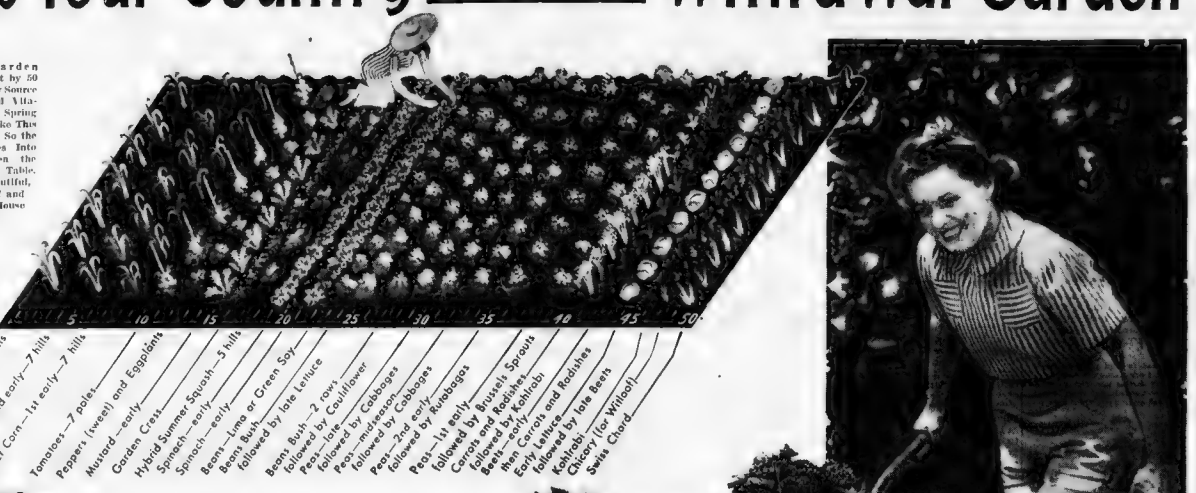
Packed and guaranteed by the growers themselves.

SUNSWEET Harvest Moon Pie

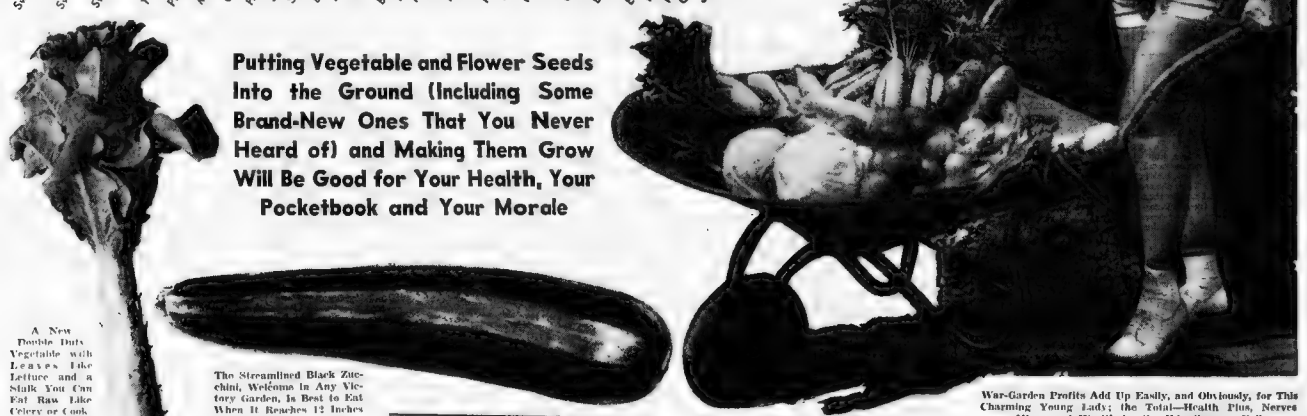
2½ cups uncooked SUNSWEET "Tenderized" apricots
3½ cups cold water
1¼ cups granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon cinnamon
4 tablespoons cornstarch
Baked pastry shell (9-inch)

Rinse and drain apricots. Add 3 cups water, bring to a boil and continue boiling about 20 minutes. Add sugar, salt, butter and spice and bring to a boil again. Add cornstarch moistened in remainder of water and cook and stir about 5 minutes. Pour into baked pastry shell; and stir about 5 minutes. Pour into baked pastry shell; and stir about 5 minutes. Pour into baked pastry shell;

Help Your Country and Yourself With a War Garden



A Two-in-One Garden Plot—Just 20 Feet by 50—Can Be a Steady Source of Vegetables and Vitamins from Early Spring to Late Fall. If, Like This One, It Is Planned So the Second Crop Goes Into the Ground When the First Goes on the Table. From House Beautiful, by Permission of and Copyrighted by House Beautiful.



Putting Vegetable and Flower Seeds Into the Ground (Including Some Brand-New Ones That You Never Heard of) and Making Them Grow Will Be Good for Your Health, Your Pocketbook and Your Morale

War-Garden Profits Add Up Easily, and Obviously, for This Charming Young Lady; the Total—Health Plus, Nerves Minus and Wealth by the Wheelbarrow Full.

A New Double Duty Vegetable with Leaves Like Lettuce and a Stalk You Can Eat Raw Like Celery or Cooked Like Asparagus—Was Developed by One of the Country's Leading Plant Experts from Seeds Imported from China.

The Streamlined Black Zucchini, Welcome in Any Victory Garden, Is Best to Eat When It Reaches 12 Inches in Length and 2 in Width—Although It Sometimes Grows Twice That Big. All-America Vegetable Winner.

This Hardy New Snap Bean—Winner of the Bronze Medal in the All-America Vegetable Selections—is Especially Recommended Because It Is Disease Resistant and Produces a Lot of Beans.

Let the Recently Developed Cactus Zinnia Help Keep Your Spirits Up and Your Nerves Calm.

By IRMIS JOHNSON

EVERYONE who has a plot of good soil—not especially if there's a family to be fed—should have something on that ground this year.

Grow vegetables for more vigor, health, and shrubs to feed the "hidden hunger" of the mind and to keep yourself, your family and the neighbors from getting worn notes.

Plant vegetables and the girl knows you mean it. The feel of good earth is one of the best ways to keep calm.

Gardening is good exercise, too.

All this is sound advice from the government, pointed out by Secretary Claude R. Wickard of the U. S. Department of Agriculture at a recent conference of the nation's plant experts in Washington.

He asked for at least one and a third million more gardens this year.

The government is calling on the farmer, the suburbanite and the small-towner with a good plot of ground, but warns against a mad "planting hysteria" that makes people go out and dig up worthless city backyards where the soil may be barren dirt dug up out of the cellar and dumped there. Of course even some of these back lots might be useful but the soil should be tested first.

The community garden, where everyone pitches in on the expense, and the work, is a good idea provided someone in the group knows his onions about growing vegetables and hoses the job. Such gardens, aside from furnishing vitaminized vegetables for the "bunch" can be used to help out any sudden local food shortages, to help with school lunches and to feed the poor.

No matter where or how it's raised, home grown food is more important this year than ever, because food prices have been going up and surveys show that at least a third of the people in this country have health that is nothing to brag about, because they eat a "poor" diet. Only one family in four has a good diet.

That's one reason why everyone who grows his own cabbages, tomatoes and spinach this year is doing himself a favor as well as helping out Uncle Sam.

He's getting vitality plus for himself and the family from the vegetables grown—and eaten. And he does it without deflating what's left of his bank roll.

He helps his country by producing food right at his back door, leaving railroad cars and trucks free for transporting war materials, soldiers or anything else the all-out war demands.

Home-grown vegetables to meet all the family's needs will allow a surplus of those raised by commercial growers to accumulate, to feed the Army, lend to our Allies or perhaps even help feed starving nations after the war.

And while the garden is being planned everyone who has space enough should raise vegetables to store or can for next Winter.

If the backyard patch looks little—and the needs loom big—a good way to get the most out of the 1942 Victory garden is to keep every bit of the ground busy from early Spring until late in the Fall.

Make it do a two-in-one job.

One such practical garden is shown on this page, and is an almost exact duplicate of one grown last Summer by an editor of the home magazine "House Beautiful."

This garden will furnish a family of four with Summer and early Fall vegetables and a reasonable supply for canning, but does not include very many root vegetables for storage. Anyone who has good cellar space—or other means for keeping them—and a few feet more of ground, might add more beets, turnips and other root vegetables.

Planting, growing and eating is an almost continuous affair on this 20 by 50 foot plot.

Starting about the middle of April at the Swiss chard end of the garden, the early vegetables are planted in succession as the proper time for their best growth comes along. (And that depends, of course, on the section of the country where the garden is grown.)

By the end of May everything down to that last row of sweet corn that for midseason use—should be planted.

Then, as early lettuce, beets, peas and other vegetables are ready for use, and eaten, late beets, late carrots and radishes, rutabagas, cabbages and cauliflower are planted in the vacated space.

A little trick that every experienced gardener knows is to sow radishes and carrots together in the same row—because the radishes will mature early and be used up before the carrots start to fill out.

If the garden space is smaller than the 20 by 50 foot plot shown here, there's no use to be discouraged.

There still can be a Victory garden.

It's just a matter of figuring out exactly what is needed most and then growing it in the space available, and it's well to remember that planting in straight rows saves ground.

Pole beans take less room than bush beans—there are good new varieties of both—and the lower branches can be pinched off tomato vines to keep them from shading their next-door neighbors too much.

But one thing that is essential to big gardens and little gardens alike is a good supply of minerals for the growing plants.

No wars can be won with vegetables—and flowers that starve while they grow, and a balanced diet is just as important to a turnip as it is to a human being.

There was a time when Nature was expected to do all the supplying of food to a growing garden—the soil was the only source of a plant's dinner. But soils get depleted and often need fertilizers to make them productive.

Research scientists have been at work for years studying the dietary needs of plants, just as nutritionists have spent whole lifetimes figuring out what man needs to eat to make him healthy.

And all plants, they say require what amounts to an eleven-course banquet, composed of that many essential minerals. These are nitrogen, phosphorous, potassium, calcium, magnesium, sulphur, iron, manganese, copper, zinc and boron.

But that doesn't mean a pinch or a bucketful—of each. There is a definite "recipe" for plant food just as there is for a cake.

Fortunately, just what that formula is need not worry the 1942 Victory gardeners. The work all has been done for them and they can buy ready-made plants foods with all the necessary ingredients in the right proportion. Just ask the dealer for a complete, balanced plant food. Instructions on how to use it will be included with your purchase.

A word of caution from the experts, though, warns that if the soil is too acid, or too alkaline, the best kind of fertilizer won't do much good until the "sourness," or lack of it, in the soil is corrected.

There is no offensive odor about the new balanced plant foods, as there is in the case of manures and bone meal, and its users do not run the danger of introducing obnoxious weed seeds into their soil, as they are apt to do when natural fertilizers are used.

With good soil, supplemented with the best possible plant food, no one wants to stick seeds in the ground that never will come up. That, anyone can see, would be a waste of time, energy and ground space that would get nowhere on the road to victory.

So it is suggested that everyone buy the best seeds possible.

Your own seedman can advise you on the varieties that are time-tested and known to be hardy. He also will know in which localities different plants thrive.

Every would-be gardener no doubt is studying the seed catalogues right now and they all contain a wealth of useful information on what to plant. It would be impossible for us to list here the many excellent varieties of vegetables that have been developed by years of patient research on the part of the country's plant experts.

Beginning gardeners are advised by Secretary Wickard to grow plants that are easy—and sure-fire. But that warning needn't prevent them from trying some of the newest developments of leading plant specialists, especially if there is some experienced grower close-by to consult, or a County Agent of the Department of Agriculture handy.

One of the oddest of plants on the market this year is a new double-duty vegetable which seems like a strange combination of celery and lettuce. It has leaves that can be eaten as salad or cooked as greens.

But the true delicacy is in the stalk.

After the tough, outer skin is removed the tender, light green heart may be eaten raw or cooked, and tastes, we are told, like a tantalizing combination of celery, lettuce and Summer squash.

This strange plant came originally from China—just a few seeds with the recommendation that it was a tasty food. For four years one of the country's big seed concerns has been adapting the plant to our soils and climate and now there are enough seeds on the market to supply those who want to try this vegetable in their own backyard.

Other new plant varieties that would make good candidates for this year's Victory garden are listed among the All-America Selections of vegetables and flowers.

These are not just new styles or models of an old type but are real improvements, either in flavor, speed of growing, resistance to disease, big yield or have some other advantage to the grower.

They have been selected, after thorough testing, by a Council of Judges made up of a number of the nation's most able plant experts. And, while there is not a big supply of the seeds of prize-winning plants this first year, all gardeners will be able to get some of them, through their own favorite seedmen.

There is a prize-winning Pole Bean with long, well-rounded, stringless pods that are nearly straight and have excellent food value because they are meaty. This bean is good for dry, shelled beans, too, as its seeds are small and white, and growing the plant will offer relief from at least two garden headaches. It does not develop bean rust or bean mosaic.

The Bronze Medal bean of this year is a green bush snap, and is hard to beat for high yield and easy picking. It is stringless, too, and is highly recommended by the committee for home use and canning.

The latest, and best thing in sweet corn, on the All-America list, is a midseason variety which is ready for use about eighty-five days after planting. This new corn has well-filled eight-inch ears of golden kernels and delicious flavor.

It also makes a heavy fodder crop—which should interest the farmers.

There are prize winning lettuce, zucchini squash and okra for those who feel like adding new items to their gardens.

Among the flower novelties of the year is a big Cactus Zinnia growing four or more inches in diameter and about two inches deep. Like all Zinnias it is a hardy plant and comes in a wide range of bright colors.

Seeds of all kinds including the old standbys which everyone will want, too, necessarily are scarcer this year than they have been in other times because we used to get many of them from European countries and now that source of supply is cut off.

It even is reported that Hitler has robbed Holland of all the tulip bulbs for private planting and he, too, encourages growing flowers in mechanized Germany.

But there is no dangerous seed shortage in this country and there will be enough for every American garden—and plenty to send to Britain for gardens there if everyone plans his garden wisely, plants it well and then takes the proper care of it.

The harvest, in health, wealth and peace of mind will be well worth all the work—and besides, we claim the work's just fun.

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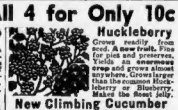
SAVE GARDEN SPACE
Enormous Fruits, perfect in form. Thick, solid and delicious flavor. Weigh from 1 to 3 lbs. each. Attain a height of 12 to 15 ft. Bears large quantities of very delicious fruits. Fine for slicing or for salads.

Yd. Long Beans
An excellent variety and a very interesting curiosity. Vines are rampant growers. Produce an enormous crop of round pods, 18 to 24 in. long, that are of excellent quality for snap beans, for all of very fine flavor.



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Grows readily from seed. A new fruit. Fine for pies and preserves, too. Is a prolific cropper and grows almost anywhere. Grows larger than the common Huckleberry or Blueberry. Makes the most delicious pies.

New Climbing Cucumber
Vines climb readily on trees, poles, etc., saving valuable space in small gardens. One hill will keep a good-sized family supplied all summer. Bear early and continue to produce fruit through well into autumn. Plant in hills 3 ft. apart. Fruits are 6 to 8 in. long, of fine flavor. To introduce our catalog of rare and unusual seeds we will mail all 4 Pkts. for only 10c and 2c Postage.

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Musterole gives such wonderful results because it's *more* than an ordinary "salve." It helps break up local congestion. Since Musterole is used on the Quintuplets you may be sure mother, it's just about the BEST product made!

IN 3 STRENGTHS
Children's Mild Musterole. Also Regular and Extra Strength for grown-ups who prefer a stronger product. All druggists.

MUSTEROLE
Mild

THE absorbing features in this and other issues of The American Weekly are made fascinating by an editorial style that makes doubly interesting every subject it touches.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

(Continued from Page 16)

clutched my arm in a strangle hold. Trafalgar and Sally stood like marionettes, staring at the doorway. For there was Trotty Simpkins in her white uniform carrying the child without a name.

She advanced straight towards me. "Mr. Noton," she said in a voice charged with indignation, "I have brought your child home to you where he belongs." And she held out the baby who gurgled, "Papa-Papa!"

I got one look at Kathy. I have never seen a face register such an expression of outrage. Her hand dropped from my arm. She backed away, jabbing her fingers as though she had been contaminated.

"I knew you," Trotty went on, her eyes on mine—

"Shut up, Trot," Sally broke in.

"No," Trotty defied him, raising her voice above the subdued strains of the "Blue Danube." "I shall tell the truth." She freed one hand to point accusing finger. "I knew this abducer the moment he gave to a false name to hide his shame. At first I kept silent but when I discovered Mr. Trafalgar Noton was in this country on a patriotic mission and that the man was trying to besmirch him to hide his own shame my duty was clear. Mr. Nelson is English and so am I."

Millican leaned over and shut off the radio. An unearthly silence followed.

I stood there tongue-tied, conscious that a battery of suddenly sober and accusing eyes was blasting me.

"I say, this is extremely interesting," Trafalgar Nelson broke the impasse, as he advanced to Miss Simpkins, "May I introduce myself—I am Trafalgar Nelson."

"Oh! you're—you're—"

"Quite so and you—"

"Miss Trotty Simpkins, this child's nurse." She tried to curtsy with the baby in her arms.

"Here," Lotta interrupted, "give him to me."

Trotty handed over the child and started for the door. "I hope everything will be all right now, sir," she said to Nelson. Then she faced me. "The way of the transgressor is hard," she quoted. Before I could answer she had the door open, nearly running down a pudgy man wearing a heavy gold chain.

"Uncle Jim!" it was Kathy uttering what sounded like the cry of a lost soul finding a haven at last.

"My dear," boomed Uncle Jim —she was in his arms, hugging him, oblivious of the whole room.

"What's all this?" he asked his eyes roving over us, "nothing has gone wrong I hope—nothing—"

He stopped abruptly as he saw the sleepy child in Lotta's lap. "One minute dear—where did that child come from—?"

Kathy unwound her arms. "Oh Uncle Jim, you know too—why didn't you tell me, oh why didn't you tell me?"

Uncle Jim became at once the business man. "Henry, will you explain? Who brought this child here?"

Kathy answered for me. "Oh Uncle Jim, I'll explain. The nurse brought him here. Henry gave the name of Trafalgar Nelson to—to—so no one would know—so—"

They had all moved away leaving me alone like a pariah unfit for human companionship. I saw red. "Perhaps," I broke in angrily, "your Uncle Jim will do a little explaining himself."

A puzzled look came into Uncle Jim's eyes. "And who is Trafalgar Nelson?"

"I say," broke in Trafalgar, "I am Trafalgar Nelson."

"I see," said Uncle Jim, "there seems to be some mistake. This child is my—"

Kathy stopped him. "No, no," she cried wildly, "you shan't do this. I know you'd do anything for me but you shan't do this—I can't let you do this."

"My dear," questioned Uncle Jim, "do you really think this child is Henry's?"

"How can I—we—think he isn't," quavered Kathy.

"Well, well, well," said Uncle Jim, "sit down all of you. I think I can convince you he isn't."

• • •

Uncle Jim was up early the next morning. He had all the metropolitan dailies stacked on the living room table when Kathy and I came down. Kathy hugged him and then hugged me. "Clever girl, that Miss Brindling," said Uncle Jim, chuckling. "Listen to this. It's from Manhattan Knockabout's column.

"'So we were right about Trafalgar Nelson's private mission—as usual. And now we take off our hats to this very human Briton. In spite of his strenuous duties he has found time to care for the child of a refugee Frenchwoman whose husband, killed at Dunkerque, was a friend of his. The mother, run down by a car some days ago, has been hovering between life and death in the Arcadia Hospital, and only recovered consciousness yesterday. Her child is now with her. Cheers for Trafalgar Nelson whose good deed has found him out.'"

Kathy was standing holding my arm. "But Uncle Jim," she said, "I thought you said last night that when the mother whose address you didn't know left the little boy with you to do that errand and disappeared you arranged for Mrs. Granger to care for him."

"So I did, my dear, it's all just as I explained it. What I've just read is the Brindling version, including the item about Trafalgar's friendship with the poor child's father. As you see, she's given Trafalgar all the credit and then some, but under the circumstances I guess neither Henry nor I will try to rob him of it."

There was a knock. The Millicans came in. "Have you seen it?" they asked in unison. We nodded. "Isn't Sally Brindling a marvel?" And again we nodded. Lotta was bubbling. "Of all the goofy, incredible, fantastic, unbelievable—" "It's all of that," Millican interrupted, "but what we came to tell you was this. Trafalgar's fallen hard for Sally. He says he's not going to let her out of his sight again. And you know what that means when Trafalgar says it."

(The End)

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Quick growing, free flowering plants about 6 in. tall, makes a solid carpet of white all summer.
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Bushy plants about 1 ft. tall covered all summer with handsome double cactus flowers about 3 in. across, fine for cutting and decoration.
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The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3412—Fresh and smart as a daisy petal is the shirtwaister with white accents! See the soft unpressed pleats. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 35-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrast.

Pattern 3434—A "Double Feature" you'll enjoy wearing all-around-the-town—this two-piece mode with bodice gathers. Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3435—Mother saves money by making a cunning school frock and play pinafore both from the same design. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, view A, requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch fabric and ¼ yard contrast; view C, 1⅞ yards.

Pattern 3405—This little squirrel has surrounded himself with gay lazy daisy posies in order to make a colorful crib cover for baby! You'll find it fun to embroider. Pattern 3405 contains a transfer pattern of 1 motif 14x14¾ inches, 1 motif 5½x8¾ inches; illustration of stitches; material requirements; color schemes.

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It makes her skin look younger and fresher than it has in years.

NO—you'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35?

Once she looked quite a bit older. For, without realizing it, she was using an *unflattering* shade of face powder. It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! She looks younger than she has in years!

For she has found her *lucky shade* of face powder—the shade that really *flatters* her skin—makes it look fresh and enchanting.

How old does your face powder say you are?

Are you quite sure the shade of face powder you use is exactly right for you? Are you sure it doesn't lie about your age—that it doesn't say you're getting a little *older?*

Why take that chance? Why not find your *lucky shade*—the shade that makes you look your youngest and loveliest?

You can—and without guesswork! Just send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—let your own mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Face Powder is made an entirely new way. It's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer and smoother by far than face powder usually is. That's why it clings so long—and that's why its shades and its texture are so flattering.

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your *lucky shade*—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

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7166 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME
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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

TICK! TOCK! GET READY, GET SET, GO!
I'LL TIME YOU! YOU WHIZ THROUGH DISHES FAST WITH SPEEDY NEW IVORY—AT THE SAME TIME YOU'RE PROTECTING THE LOVELINESS OF YOUR HANDS!
DISHES ALL DONE! WHISK IVORY'S "VELVET SUDS" 'EM CLEAN FAST—AND HANDS ARE ON THE WAY TO LOOKING SMOOTHER, WHITER!
NICE GOING, LADY! I KNEW HE'D WANNA HOLD THOSE SMOOTH LITTLE HANDS!

BIG SURPRISE COMING, LADY! Start saying goodbye to red, rough, "dishpan hands"—the minute you change from strong washday soaps to gentle New Ivory Soap!

SEE! ROWS OF SHINING-CLEAN dishes already! How quickly—even in hard water. And look at your hands—see them improve. Why put up with strong washday soaps any more?

SCENE AT YOUR HOUSE (12 days after you change to New Ivory): He (tenderly): "Darling, your hands are smoother!" You (modestly): "Thanks to New Ivory—it's so mild it's baby's own complexion soap." Note: for economy, get several bars right now!

SPEED DISHWASHING... NO RISK OF "STRONG-SOAP" HANDS!

NEW VELVET-SUDS IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

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Here's *secret* of perfect GRAVY *at only a penny's cost!*

1. FLAVOR: Kitchen Bouquet gives the most delicious flavor to gravies.
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● Get Kitchen Bouquet—the seasoning sauce—today.

KITCHEN BOUQUET

LOOSE DANDRUFF GOES QUICKLY THIS WAY

You can thoroughly cleanse your hair and scalp of ugly loose dandruff with a wonderful liquid shampoo you make at home in a few minutes with Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap. Just cut bar into thin slivers and dissolve in quart of lukewarm water. This makes enough liquid shampoo for eight, ten, even twelve wonderful scalp cleansings that *do not dry the hair*, leave no soapy film, require no lemon or vinegar rinse. Ask at any grocery, drug, department or variety store for Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap.

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair? You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit —so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 368 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn
Name
Address
City State

AWAKE the SLEEPING BEAUTY of the UNDERSKIN

There's a silkier, softer skin just below your every-day outer skin. Speed up the natural flaking off of the dried outer layer and enjoy the fresh, young beauty of this alluring underskin! Simply apply Othine . . . a mildly medicated, dainty, white cream of 34 years' reputation. Use it as directed before retiring. It hastens the "flaking-off" process, revealing a lighter skin of smoother texture. Ask for Othine at your drug counter.

OTHINE *Face Bleach*

EVERY student in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to zoology.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

COOKING FOR TWOSOMES

"THOUGH I have been enjoying the 'Housewife's Food Almanack for several years, this is my first effort at contributing to it," writes Mrs. Maud Thomas, Monticello, Indiana. "I've been a home-maker many years but recently my family has diminished until I have only two to cook for most of the time. I'm hoping my experience may be helpful to some youthful home-maker, in stretching food dollars a little farther.

"A favorite economy dinner with us is 'porcupine' meat balls. Preparing them for two people:

½ pound ground lean beef
1 teaspoon salt
½ medium size onion, grated
4 stalks celery
½ cup uncooked rice
½ teaspoon chili powder
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
Dash pepper

"Wash rice in cold water, scrubbing well with hands, and changing water frequently until all loose starch is removed, drain rice thoroughly. Mix well, ground beef, rice, salt, chili powder and grated onion, form into balls, size of walnuts, brown meat balls in a hot greased skillet, when browned all over add the tomatoes and diced celery, cover skillet and simmer gently about one hour, or until rice is tender. With this main dish I serve buttered peas, or carrots, and a simple dessert of fresh or stewed fruit.

* * *

Pork Stew

"Another economy dinner we enjoy is pork stew. To serve two:

¾ pound lean, fresh pork, diced
1 teaspoon salt (or to taste)
1 cup diced raw potatoes
1 quart hot water
Dash pepper
1 egg noodles

"Simmer diced pork in the hot water until almost tender, about one and one-half hours, then add salt and pepper, continue simmering until meat is tender, one-half hour before serving time add potatoes, adding more water to the stew if needed, simmer about one-quarter hour then bring stew to boil, stirring while dropping in noodles, a few at a time, after adding noodles, cover stew, readjust heat to simmering, cook one-quarter hour without lifting cover. To make the noodles take:

¾ cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 tablespoon cold water
Flour to handle noodles

Sift together ¾ cup flour, the baking powder and salt, and then make a well in center of flour mixture, add egg and water, with a fork mix all together, turn out on floured board, knead lightly, using just enough flour to keep them from sticking, flour board and roll the noodles very thin. Let them dry slightly, then flour them, cut into uniform sections, stack and slice into noodles. Spread cut noodles on board to dry, while stew is cooking.

"This stew is improved in appearance and flavor by adding a diced hard boiled egg to it at serving time, but it is very good without the extra egg. With this stew should be served a green vegetable, also a root vegetable, carrots or beets, for a balanced meal.

* * *

Salmon Salad

"We are fond of salmon salad. To make it, I arrange a bed of shredded head lettuce on a small platter, on this I put my canned salmon, which has been well drained, and broken up just enough to remove bones and skin. Over and among the chunks of salmon I put diced celery, slivers of onion, and slivers of sweet green pepper. When fresh tomatoes are in season, I encircle the salad with sections of ripe tomato; when tomatoes are too expensive to use, I garnish the salad with radish roses, and slices of hard boiled egg, or perhaps some stuffed olives instead of radish roses. This salad is served with a bowl of salad dressing, a starchy vegetable, and buttered carrots or peas.

"When egg yolks are left over on baking day, they make excellent noodles, used in proportion of 2 yolks, instead of each whole egg, they can be rolled, cut and thoroughly dried, then hung away in clean, cloth sugar sacks, where they will keep fresh for several weeks."

* * *

Another Almanacker who has shown considerable ingenuity in twosome cooking is Mrs. Frank Stern, Cleveland, Ohio.

"For years I have been reading and testing your Almanack recipes, and I couldn't picture a Sunday without them. My biggest problem has been cooking for two efficiently," she writes.

"New foods for breakfast always intrigue me." The following is one I have originated which is as simple to make.

* * *

Cheese Rolls

"Trim the crusts from 4 slices of white bread. Save the crusts for future use as bread crumbs. Roll the slices of bread as thin as you can get them. Mash with silver fork ¼ pound dry cottage cheese. Add 1 well beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste and 1 teaspoon sugar. Spread this mixture on bread slices and roll each slice tight. Dip in mixture of 1 beaten egg and 3 tablespoons milk and brown in butter till golden color. I find this recipe a good one because it is so simple to make, combines nutritious foods, and I can always make more as needed. I serve these with syrup or jam. The recipe is for two, of course.

* * *

Tarts

"I make a standard pie crust recipe. Line pie crust in muffin tins reserving enough dough for covers. Scrub 1 pound apples clean, dry. On coarse grater, grate apples into bowl. This saves you the task of coring and peeling, and gives the tarts an unusual filling. Mix apple batter with 3 tablespoons melted butter, 5 tablespoons brown sugar and 2 tablespoons of a grated mild cheese. Pour into crusts, fit on top crust and bake until brown. Prick with fork to permit steam to escape. The brown sugar gives the apples an entirely different flavor and the syrup a rich thickness. The cheese gives them a tang that's different.

One of Cleopatra's Favorite Desserts Was Candied Melon with Stuffed Onions Which Was Eaten with a Golden Single Pronged Fork.

NEW ENGLAND POTATO ROLLS

SERVE THEM ALL WEEK LONG

"I WILL be 80 years old in May and I've been making potato rolls for fifty years," writes Mrs. L. Alice Clark, El Monte, California. "This amount makes a quantity, but a nice thing about them is that they are just as good when a week old if heated in the oven.

1 cup milk and 1 small can evaporated milk
3 medium-size potatoes boiled
1½ teaspoons salt
⅔ cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
2 eggs

"Mash potatoes and while still hot stir in shortening and sugar, beat well and add milk and salt. When cooled to lukewarm beat in 1 yeast cake and 1 cup flour. Let stand in warm place till light and foamy then add 2 well-beaten eggs and all the flour that can be stirred and kneaded in (5 or 6 cups). Stand in warm place until double in bulk—when make into rolls. Let rise till very light and bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees."

(Mrs. Clark, we are very grateful for this recipe. Your rolls are as light as the proverbial thistledown. They are easy to make and are delicious in flavor.—Mary Lee Swann.)

According to the Ancients, King Solomon's Favorite Salad Was Concocted of Oak Leaves Mixed With Olive Oil and Cold Cooked Fish.

COCOANUT BUTTER HORNS

FOR BIRTHDAYS, WEDDINGS AND MANY OCCASIONS

"I HAVE made these for parties and a wedding and everyone thought they were delicious. I hope you think so too," writes Mrs. L. J. Farrow, Cleveland, Ohio. They are made as follows:

1 cup butter
4 teaspoons sugar
4 egg yolks
1 tablespoon salt
Pinch of mace
4½ cups flour (about)
2 tablespoons warm water
1 ounce yeast
1 teaspoon sugar
1 cup warm milk
Cocoanut

"Crumble yeast in warm water, add teaspoon sugar, let rise. Melt butter, add sugar, mix. Add beaten egg yolks and mix thoroughly, add the yeast mixture and mix again. Sift flour, salt and mace together and add alternately with the warm milk. Set to rise until double in bulk (about two hours). Take out on floured board and knead lightly; divide into 4 parts, roll out one at a time ¼-inch thick, brush with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cocoanut and cut like pie wedges, start at wide side, roll up and shape into crescent, place on buttered pans, brush each with melted butter, then with beaten egg whites and sprinkle with cocoanut. Let rise until double in bulk and bake until golden brown."

(Mrs. Farrow, we share your enthusiasm for your recipe. Your cocoanut butter horns are delicious in flavor and are not difficult to make. We followed your directions carefully and the results pleased a group of exacting housekeepers who sampled them for us. We made a few of them without the cocoanut and they were delicious, too.—Mary Lee Swann.)

BARBECUED GREEN BEANS

WITH TOMATOES AND ONIONS FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

"THIS was given to me by an aged Texan lady, and since I'm so certain it will make a hit whenever it is served I will pass it along," writes Mrs. A. D. Nelson, Nipton, California. "The reason for my selection is that so many of your followers have their own gardens and to serve the staples found in the tended green beans in the regular way becomes monotonous and very uninteresting. To serve them this way, however, perks them up until they are really a tasty dish. Fix them, taste them, then decide this is not an idle boast.

1 medium-sized onion
2 cups canned green beans (drained)
1 cup canned tomatoes
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
2 tablespoons bacon fat or salad oil
2 level tablespoons sugar
Salt and pepper

"Fry the onion in the bacon fat until a golden brown, add the tomatoes, cloves, sugar, salt and pepper. Add the 2 cups drained green beans and simmer till well seasoned.

"I have never fixed the dish with the garden-fresh beans and tomatoes as they are too hard to get out here on the desert where we live."

(Mrs. Nelson, your recipe is very good. Readers who are more fortunate than you in obtaining fresh vegetables will undoubtedly try them this way. —Mary Lee Swann.)

Tired of Paying Graft to Petty Officials, a Parisian Baker in 1742 Sent the King of France a Pie with His Complaint Baked in It.

COTTAGE CHEESE AND MACARONI LOAF

FOR AN EXCELLENT ONE-DISH MEAL

"ABOUT twenty-five years ago I lived on a farm and often had more cottage cheese than could be eaten fresh," writes Mrs. Edgar Jones, Cattaraugus, N. Y., "so I began experimenting by baking it with macaroni. Finally I had a dish everyone seemed to like. It has never been published.

3 cups cooked macaroni (about 1½ cups uncooked)
1 cup celery cut into small pieces
1 small onion, chopped
1 cup cottage cheese (unseasoned)
½ cup bread crumbs
3 tablespoons bacon or ham fat or 2 or 3 slices of bacon cut into small pieces.
Celery leaves
Salt and pepper
2 beaten eggs
1 cup or more of water macaroni was cooked in

"Mix the cottage cheese, seasoning, celery leaves, onion, eggs and bacon fat together well. Then add cooked macaroni and macaroni water and stir well. Then place in a greased casserole. The water should be to top of macaroni so as not to be too dry when baked. Spread crumbs over top and bake about one hour in slow oven. Serve with catsup or chili sauce."

(Mrs. Jones, we liked your combination of cottage cheese and macaroni very much when we tried it in the Test Kitchen.—Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

"It keeps my stove polished like new!"

There's simply nothing like Bon Ami for cleaning enamel and porcelain surfaces. It's *quick-acting*, yet it doesn't scratch . . . and it leaves a brilliant *polish* on bathtubs, sinks, stoves and refrigerators. Keeps them looking like new! What's more, you can count on Bon Ami not to redden and roughen your hands. You will want to use it for all your household cleaning!

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quick, thorough, safe

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS

HERE'S a sensible, simple treatment that helps relieve pain, removes corns *while you walk in comfort!*

As shown in the diagrams, the soft felt pad lifts off pressure. Then the Blue-Jay medication gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed. (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. (B) cushion. (A) sets on corn.
In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.

BLUE-JAY BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

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stands between YOU and COLD MISERY

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● Why let discomforts of a cold make you miserable when Mentholatum can give you such delightful relief? Mentholatum helps to relieve the sniffling, sneezing, stuffiness, and promotes freer breathing. It helps to allay irritations of the nostrils, such as soreness, swelling, stinging, itching, redness—to reduce the need to blow your nose. In short, Mentholatum gives such effective help that you'll never want to be without it. So remember, between you and cold misery stands Mentholatum, ready to bring you quick comfort. Get Mentholatum from your druggist. Jars or tubes, 30c. For generous free trial size write to Mentholatum Co., 429 Harlan Building, Wilmington, Delaware.

MENTHOLATUM

Almanack Echoes

Suggestions for That Extra Milk and Cream

Dear Almanack:

I'm a not-too-old wife and my husband and three year old youngster live on a very small acreage. It is enough though to allow us to keep a few chickens and a cow. The cow is worth her weight in gold. Perhaps you and your readers would be interested in my house call for a my milk and cream.

My sour cream pineapple pie is a quick and grand tasting one. It calls for a baked pie shell. While the pie shell is baking, separate 2 eggs and beat the yolks. To these add 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon which have been mixed together. Add 1 cup sour cream and place mixture in double boiler and cook until thickened. Arrange 3 or 4 slices (broken) of pineapple on pie shell, cover with mixture and top with meringue made of 2 egg whites and 1 tablespoon sugar. Brown in hot oven.

Cabbage slaw and waldorf salad in my house call for a very special dressing. A sour cream one. I take 1 cup sour cream, add 5 or 6 tablespoons vinegar, salt and pepper to taste and sugar to sweeten slightly.

At times my son can prove to be a milk rebel in the true sense of the word. So when that happens I take 1 egg, 1 cup of light cream, sugar and cinnamon to taste, a pinch of salt and a few drops of vanilla. It never fails to disappear. This same recipe may be doubled to make an eggnog pie and poured in an unbaked pie shell. Place in medium hot oven and bake till a silver knife comes out clean when inserted in center of pie.

Creamed Soups.

Quite often we have company drop in and as I always have several cans of vegetables on hand plus plenty of milk it is no trouble at all for me to prepare a quick cream soup. For cream pea soup I take a pint jar or a can equivalent of peas. Put them through a ricer. I then add milk or thin cream, salt, pepper and butter to suit my taste. I cannot give exact measurements as I vary them from time to time depending on how many are here. For cream corn soup I follow the same directions as before. Of course it goes unsaid that the mixture is heated before serving. For oyster soup I use a small can of the large Pacific oysters. Heat in a sauce pan the liquor the oysters were in along with 3 cups whole milk and 3 tablespoons butter. While this is heating I cut the oysters in small pieces and add to the liquor. Do not boil but heat to the simmering point and serve.

Mrs. B. J. DeCamp,
Camas, Wisconsin

(Mrs. DeCamp, the recipes mentioned in your letter, whereby you use your extra milk and cream in cooking, is very interesting. Your cow certainly seems to have paid dividends.—Mary Lee Swann.)

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. A prize winning recipe is awarded $5, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 300 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

FROM OHIO HILLS

Dear Almanack:

Here are some of the recipes that made food so delicious years ago in the hills of northern Ohio. Eggs and prepared custards being scarce (few hens laid in the Winter then, and store desserts were unknown), we enjoyed "Poor-mans pudding" or "hasty pudding." It was made with about 2 cups of milk brought to the boiling point into which was poured little by little flour to make a cooked pudding of little lumps resembling tapioca.

Cream and sugar flavored with nutmeg, maple syrup, or fresh canned or preserved fruits are all delicious on this as a sauce. Now that eggs are plentiful a beaten egg stirred into the pudding, with no cooking, just before serving makes it richer and prettier colored. There is a knack to stirring the flour into the milk. It should not be beaten, only gently spooned about.

My mother's brown bread was also delicious. To 2 cups of white flour bread sponge she added 1 teaspoon soda, a lump of lard or butter the size of a walnut, ¾ cup brown sugar, and warm water to fill the cup and soften the lard to stirring point. Enough graham flour to make a batter dropping stiffly from a spoon next is added and put in regulation size bread tin to rise until it is level across the top of tin. Bake in medium oven twenty to thirty minutes.

The old time gravies, which would be cream sauces now, I have never seen equaled in taste. Finely cut codfish was soaked one-half hour in warm water to lessen the salt taste—about a cupful of it covered with 2 cups milk and brought to a boil, thickened with flour, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper and a beaten egg added before serving. Dried beef chipped made another variation. The proportion and quantity can of course be increased, thinned or thickened. These with baked or plain boiled potatoes and not too soft bread make a nourishing and inexpensive main dish that with soaring prices might well return to our menus—and are enjoyed alike by the very young and very old.

Mrs. James Crafts,
Mantua, Ohio.

(Mrs. Crafts, we wish to thank you for these authentic old time recipes from Ohio. — Mary Lee Swann.)

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address: ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York.

DRESSING

I find that the following method of preparing poultry dressing saves both time and food. First I cook poultry giblets in a small amount of water. When these are tender, I put them through a meat grinder, followed by the desired amount of raw onion, and then by the desired amount of dry bread. I then mix giblets, onion and bread, season to taste, and then add stock from the giblets. Do not pack too tightly in fowl. The result will be a light, fluffy dressing.

Mrs. L. Smith,
Peshtigo, Wis.

* * *

OYSTERS

When using oysters for stew or escalloped, add an equal amount of celery, chopped and boiled for fifteen minutes. The flavors blend naturally, you have enriched the vitamin value of your main dish, and it will go much further. Cooked celery is a vegetable that needs some enrichment to make it palatable for many people, and oysters do the trick!

Elinor Lennen,
Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

SWEETS

Try pouring molasses and butter over cooked sweet potatoes for a different candied sweet potato dish.

Mrs. J. E. Bowman,
Burlington, Iowa.

* * *

DIAPERS

I find that in pinning my baby's diapers to his shirt, that if I put the shirt between the front and back laps of the diaper, the shirt is less likely to tear and become full of holes from the pins.

Mrs. F. B. Vavrinek,
Chicago, Ill.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Spaghetti or Economy Pilau —1917 Style, Green Beans, Ice-Box Rolls, Apple Float, Cookies, Tea. *Dinner (Company)* Baked Bean Soup or Cream of Lettuce Soup, Chicken Curry with Rice and Condiments, Broccoli with Lemon, Butter Beans with Mushrooms, Vanilla Blancmange.	*Breakfast* Unsweetened Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Philadelphia Scrapple, Reheated Ice-Box Rolls, Jam, Coffee. *Luncheon* Vegetable Stew—1917 Style, Crisp Rye Wafers, Golden Corn Sticks, Chocolate Tarts, Hot Fruit Punch. *Dinner* Steak Bordelaise, French-Fried Potatoes, Buttered Peas and Carrots, Endive, Chicory and Radish Salad, Macaroon Bisque.	*Breakfast* Canned Berries, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Toasted English Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cream of Spinach Soup, Salt Fish Casserole, Cabbage Slaw, Frozen Fruit Cup. *Dinner* Boiled Lamb Cube Steaks, Virginia Spoon Bread, Southern-Stewed Tomatoes, Broccoli, Southern Canteloup Pickles, Lettuce Salad, Savory French Dressing, Pears, Butterscotch Sauce.	*Breakfast* Orange and Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon (Company)* Tomato and Sauerkraut Soup, Oysters Florentine, Green Asparagus, Rolls, Orange Sherbet, Cookies. *Dinner* Fried Pork Chops, Steamed Apples, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Turnip Greens or Green Cabbage, Hush Puppies, Green Bouquet Salad, Peach Melba.	*Breakfast* Bananas with Orange or Currant Juice or Melted Currant Jelly, Cereal, French Toast, Jam, Coffee. *Luncheon* Okra Gumbo, Crisp Rye Wafers, Cabbage, Celery and Beemuda Onion Salad, Washington Pie, Tea. *Dinner* Minted Grapefruit, Old-Fashioned Pinebark Stew, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Mayonnaise, Golden Corn Bread, Pineapple Eclairs.	*Breakfast* Tomato Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Crisp Rye Wafers, Toasted Butter Buns, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Polenta—1917 Style, Dandelion Greens, Garlic French Bread, Canned Fig and Lettuce Salad, Tea with Lemon. *Dinner* Apple Juice Cocktail, Baked Bean Loaf, Saffron Rice, Ten-Minute Cabbage, Congealed Fruit Compote with Cream, Cocoa.	*Breakfast* Canned Peaches and Blueberries, Cereal, Goldenrod Eggs, Toast, Coffee. *Dinner* Chicken and Ham Casserole, Potato Puffs, Buttered Green Peas and Carrots, Tomato, Cucumber, Radish and Lettuce Salad, Mayonnaise, Pineapple Upside-Down Cake, Coffee. *Supper* Emergency Salad of Left-Overs, Bread-Crumb Waffles, Diced Apricot Conserve, Hot Fruit Punch or Cocoa.

ALMANACK RECIPES FOR EVERY MEAL

Lighten your menu worries with the pick of prize winning Almanack recipes in handy chart form containing dozens of helpful suggestions for every meal of the week.

The following helpful charts will be sent to you on receipt of a 3-cent stamp for each one ordered.

18 Almanack Casserole Recipes	18 Almanack Cookie Recipes
21 Almanack Potato Recipes	21 New England Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes	17 Favorite Pie Recipes
21 Almanack Candy Recipes	16 Favorite Cake Recipes
18 Famous Almanack Recipes	15 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
Highlights of Cooking History	22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
Recipes for Successful Picnics	22 Almanack Preserves Recipes
Favorite Mexican Recipes	20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes

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St. Joseph ASPIRIN

LOOK YOUNG! FEEL YOUNG!
How old do you look? Do gray hairs add years to your appearance? Is early grayness hurting your social or business success? If so, learn how you can color your hair any shade, the entire head or just the new growth, yourself, at home while you shampoo it. Thousands of women and men use SHAMPO-KOLOR, the modern method. Their clever friends cannot tell the they color their hair because SHAMPO-KOLOR leaves the hair so natural looking. Can be used also as a TINT for partially gray hair or as a RINSE to refresh overbleached, sun and perm. wave faded hair. No experience necessary. MOST ADHERING, does not rub off. Permits Permanent, Easy, like shampooing. Caution: Use only as directed on label. 45 years experience is FREE. Write for BOOKLET, Valligo Products, Inc. Dept. 75- F, 254 W. 31 Street, New York, N. Y.

NEW QUICK LUX saves ALL 3
—cuts down stocking bills!
ALL STOCKINGS need the same gentle Lux care you give silk. Lux saves elasticity and cuts down runs in silk . . . keeps nylon and rayon lovely longer, too.
With Lux there's no cake-soap rubbing to injure threads, no harmful alkali to fade colors. For longer wear, Lux stockings *nightly*, dry *thoroughly*.
Over 90% of all makers of stockings (*silk, nylon, rayon, cotton, wool*) recommend—

"BIGGEST PIE NEWS EVER TOLD!
Now you can be SURE of FLAKY PIE CRUST!"

NOW—NO MORE WORRY ABOUT TOUGH PASTRY!

LENTEN SUPPER PIE . . . Fill individual casseroles or large baking dish with creamed fish and vegetables. Top with flaky Crisco crust. See recipe below.

Just change to Crisco and its own New Pastry Method!

EASY! No guesswork now—just follow Crisco's method exactly!

Imagine . . . never again need you worry about tough pie crust. For here *at last* is the winning combination for getting flaky pastry time after time—Crisco and its New Pastry Method. Right *in* Crisco is a pastry success secret found in no other shortening. And Crisco's new method ends the two chief causes of tough pie crust—using too much water and over-handling your dough.

WITH CRISCO, BLENDING'S EASY!

How quickly Crisco cuts in—it's creamier than other shortenings!

Next, add flour-paste to Crisco-flour mixture. Mix *thoroughly* until the dough comes together and can be shaped into a ball. Divide dough—roll out 2 crusts about ⅛ inch thick.

NEW WAY TO MIX DOUGH!

Your Crisco dough isn't sticky—it's easy to roll out. No danger of over-handling—the other big cause of toughness.

DOUBLE-CRUST MEASUREMENTS: Mix 2 cups of sifted flour and 1 teaspoon salt into a bowl. Take out ⅓ cup of this flour and mix it with ¼ cup of water to make a paste.

ONE-CRUST MEASUREMENTS: Use 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅓ cup Crisco. Take out ¼ cup flour and blend with 3 tablespoons water.

TELLS EXACT AMOUNT OF WATER!

Notice—you don't have to guess about the water as you do with cook-book recipes. Too much water is the first big cause of tough pastry.

To remaining flour (1⅔ cups) add ⅔ cup Crisco; cut in until pieces are size of small peas.

LENTEN SUPPER PIE—Mix 2 cups salmon (#2 can), 1 cup cooked celery, ½ cup cooked peas. Add 2 cups medium white sauce. A quart casserole requires 1-crust measurements of pastry. (For 4 to 6 small casseroles, use 2-crust measurements.) Bake at 425° F. 20 to 25 minutes. (All Measurements Level.)

FOODS FRIED IN CRISCO ARE SO DIGESTIBLE EVEN CHILDREN CAN EAT 'EM!

PURE, ALL-VEGETABLE CRISCO FOR FLAKY PIES

TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

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"Why do you say they're **Best for Juice** *and Every use!"*

HE: "The sun, the soil, and science put 'extras' in California oranges!"

SHE: "What 'extras'?"

HE: "First, the juice is richer. You can *see* its deeper color. You can *taste* its more-delicious flavor. And *science proves* it has more vitamin C, more vitamin A, more calcium, *more health* in every glass."

SHE: "And what's the reason?"

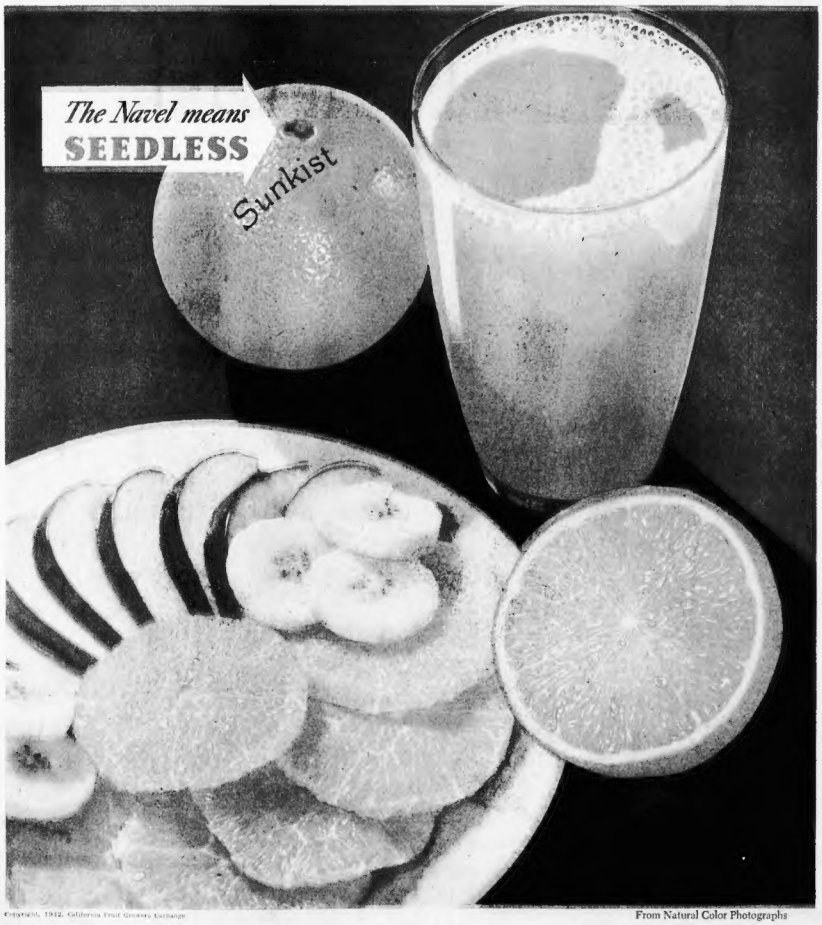
HE: "California oranges ripen on the tree in all-year sunshine. They have the benefit of fertile soils, scientifically fed and watered."

SHE: "But you said 'best for *every* use'!"

HE: "Right! California Navels are *seedless*—and easy to peel, slice and section. So they're perfect for salads and desserts . . . an ideal way to put vitamins and freshness in daily lunch boxes."

SHE: "How can I tell I'm getting them?"

HE: "Easily. Just look for the 'Sunkist' trademark on the skin. Then you'll know you have the finest seedless Navel oranges from 14,500 cooperating growers in California and Arizona."



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